

NOVEMBER-DECEMBER ISSUE

Disney

MAGAZINE



IN THIS ISSUE

SEVEN WONDERS

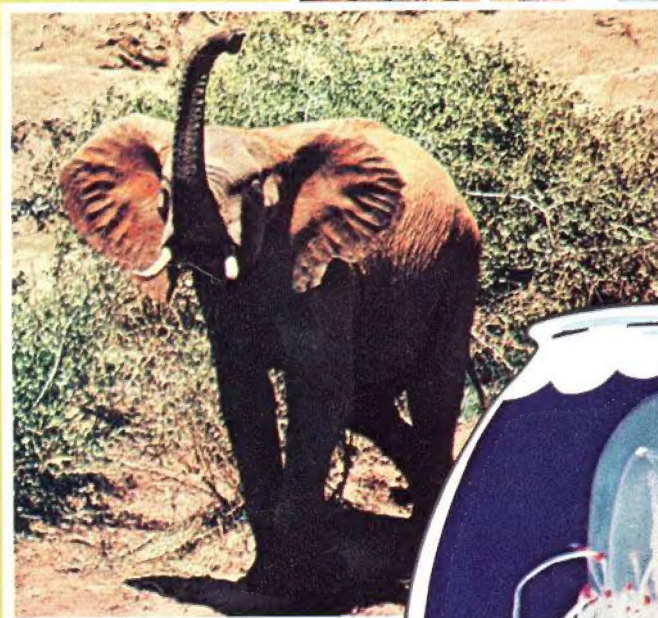
PINOCCHIO

MICKEY and the
SLEUTH COMICS

Story by
GROUCHO MARX

RANGER WOODLORE

UNCLE SCROOGE
CIRCUS CLOWN



FREE
WHEN YOU BUY
ONE
Downy
(King Size)





Hello Again! It's a great pleasure for us to bring you a new edition of DISNEY MAGAZINE, which appears at participating grocery stores. It's yours free each month with the purchase of a designated Procter and Gamble product. We hope you'll enjoy this month's features. Some, like "Nature's Family Album" and "Fort Point" are meant to inform you; others, like "Goofy's Zoo" are purely for your entertainment.

After you read this issue, you'll want to turn to pages 64 and 65 to see what we have in store for you in January's exciting DISNEY MAGAZINE.

The Editors

SEVEN WONDERS OF THE WORLD

What was so wonderful about, say, the Colossus of Rhodes, or the statue of Zeus at Olympia? After all, they were only statues—or were they? Turn the page and see why they and the other five wonders were a "must see" for the ancient Mediterranean traveler.



MICKEY AND THE SLEUTH What could be more harmless than for the Bank of London to hire a new janitor? After all, the place could use some tidying up. But wait 'til you get a look at the janitor they've hired! That long-nosed character looks awfully familiar...



GROUCHO MARX What was it like to be a child in New York with a tailor for a father and a last name like Marx? If your first name was Groucho, it was fun!

GOOFY SPORTS There may be more thorough advice on mountain climbing, but you'll find none funnier. When Goofy's involved, it's got to be funny.



SARAH SIDDONS When her mother pushed her in front of the footlights with the admonition to "Be a queen," this seven-year-old future queen of the English stage was just beginning to feel her power as an actress. Meet her on page 48.



Disney

MAGAZINE

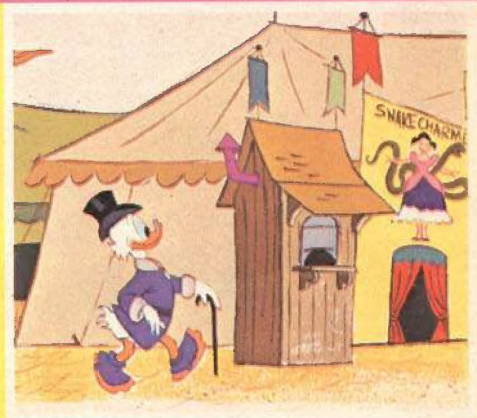
NOVEMBER
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RANGER WOODLORE'S NATURE HIKES Why is a coral reef like an apartment house? What fish goes fishing for his dinner? Join the Little Ranger and Donald's nephews underwater for a look at some of the ocean's more bizarre inhabitants.




SCROOGE IN THE CIRCUS Poor Scrooge! He can't even count his money in peace—a silly song keeps running through his head. Donald has a remedy—instead of singing about clowns, Scrooge should *be* one...with predictably unpredictable results!

EDITORIAL CONTRIBUTORS: Sue Alexander, Sam Cornell, Cal Howard, George Garrigues, T. Jeanette Kroger, Mary Krutsch, Ed Nofziger, Bob Osborne, George Sherman.

ART CONTRIBUTORS: X. Atencio, Howard Cronenweth, Shirley Forbes, John Fox, Robert Gillis, Thomas H. Golberg, Allan Hubbard, Millie Jancar, Donald T. MacLaughlin, Burnett Mattinson, Sylvia Mattinson, Bob Moore, Norm Noceti, Stephen Steere, Mark Taylor, Bob Totten, Carson Van Osten, Gene Ware, Marguerite Ware, O. J. Watson, Paul Wenzel, Alvin S. White.

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WHY WERE THE 7 WONDERS SO WONDERFUL?

*One thing we
know about
the ancient*

Greeks—they liked to take Mediterranean cruises, sometimes in sailing ships manned by as many as 50 oarsmen. In 250 B.C. a Greek writer named Antipater put together the world's first travel guide, a list of the seven most wonderful sights in his world.

Why seven? Why not five or ten? Did you ever notice that there are seven days in the week? Seven planets visible in the night sky? The Greeks considered seven a magical number.

Of these seven wonders only one—the Great Pyramids of Egypt—is still in existence today. The other six long ago crumbled into a few lumps of marble, a mound of earth, or nothing. For hundreds of years writers wondered what they looked like. Now at last—through recent discoveries in archaeology and engineering—these wonders of the ancient world have come into focus.

What were the sights on the "Grand Tour" 4,000 years ago?

PHAROS OF ALEXANDRIA

Let's begin with the most recent Wonder and work backward to the Pyramids. It was a lighthouse called Pharos, 234 feet high, which guided weary sea captains and fishermen to a safe port at Alexandria in Egypt.



The lighthouse was an engineering marvel, and the light of its open flame could be seen for 35 miles in every direction, a welcome sight when chill winds blew and choppy seas shook the tiny wooden ships of that day.

Atop the structure stood a colossal bronze figure of a king, either Alexander the Great, the founder of the city, or Ptolemy Soter, the first ruler of the Ptolemaic dynasty in Egypt. It took workers all day to lift enough fuel through the shaft in the center of the lighthouse to enable the fire to burn all night.

The great tower stood for almost a thousand years, but in 796 A.D. an earthquake toppled it; today a Turkish fortress stands on the site. Even so, we have a good idea of how the Pharos looked through ancient coins with its picture on them or from the descriptions of people who visited it in ancient times.

THE COLOSSUS OF RHODES

The Colossus of Rhodes was wonderful indeed. A statue of Helios, the Greek sun god, it stood about 120 feet high on the island of Rhodes off the southern coast of Turkey, and was built about the same time as the Pharos.

For many years people thought the Colossus had actually stood with its legs straddling the harbor entrance. A famous drawing by Fischer von Erlach, an artist who lived 300 years ago, shows Helios this way, and postcards sold to tourists on Rhodes still show that pose. Modern engineers tell us that it would be impossible to straddle the harbor with such a figure, and, besides, historians say the ancient Greeks would never show their sun god doing anything so undignified as the splits!

Over 40 years ago, a stone wall sculpture was uncovered portraying Helios standing with his feet properly together as he waited upon a low hill. His cloak was draped over his left arm, his eyes shaded with his right hand as he looked anxiously out to sea for his people's ships to return to him.

Engineers think Helios was braced by two iron columns through his legs and a third through the cloak, which fell to the ground behind him. No matter how the bracing was done, it was a marvelous engineering accomplishment which attracted visitors from throughout the civilized world. And yet...

In 224 B.C., an earthquake toppled the statue. Later, invaders stole its 12½ tons of cast bronze and sold it to a merchant who carried it away on 900 camels.

MAUSOLEUM

Now we come to a Wonder of which certain traces still remain—the tomb of a terrible tyrant named Mausolus, who ruled at Caria in what is now Turkey. After Mausolus died in 353 B.C., his sister ordered a fabulous building constructed to house his body.

His tomb was called the Mausoleum. Today we use that same word to refer to any building



where people are reverently placed after they die.

The enormous structure, as high as a ten-story building of today, lasted for about 1,200 years, but an earthquake destroyed part of it and some of its stones were later used by Christian crusaders to build a fortress. Thirteen carved panels that had graced Mausolus' tomb, showing Amazons in battle, have somehow survived and can be seen today at the British Museum in London.

And, in 1853, when researchers began digging in the fields next to the crusaders' fortress and unearthed 63 fragments, they were amazed to find that, when put together, the fragments made up the long-lost statues of Mausolus himself and of his sister!

TEMPLE OF ARTEMIS AT EPHESUS



Archaeologists have also done a good job of piecing together the description of another World Wonder—the Temple of Artemis at Ephesus, another city on the Aegean Sea. It was only in 1863 that the exact location of the Temple was discovered by an English engineer who was finally guided to it by an inscription he found in an ancient outdoor theater.

During the next seven years, he dug up an astonishing series of fragments, including carvings of gods and heroes, one of which shows the powerful Hercules dressed in women's clothes as punishment for slaying his friend Iphitus in a fit of anger.

The beautiful Temple was built some time after 550 B.C. to honor Artemis, called Diana by the Romans, the goddess of hunting and nature. Her gold, ebony and silver statue wore a leather garment decorated with rams, lions, oxen, griffins, deer and bees.

One night in 356 B.C., in a fit of madness, a man set a burning torch to the Temple and destroyed it. He told the angry townspeople that he did so only because he wanted his name remembered forever. In response, the Ephesians forbade anyone ever to mention his name, on pain of death. Despite that precaution, however, his name has come down to us: Herostratus.

The people of Ephesus spent 120 years rebuilding the Temple exactly as it was before, column

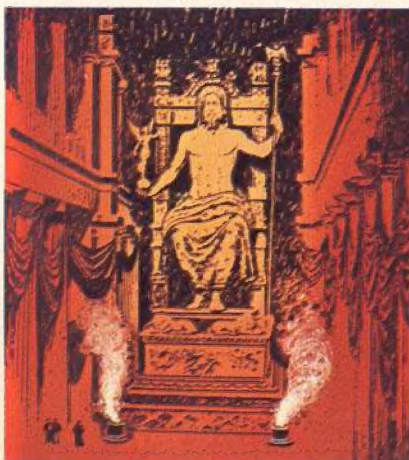
for column, statue for statue, and eventually this second structure became one of the Seven Wonders of the World. It was 214 feet wide and 413 feet long.

THE STATUE OF ZEUS AT OLYMPIA

The statue of another god, Zeus, is our fifth Wonder. Because Zeus was the king of all the Greek gods, no expense was spared in erecting his temple and statue between 470 and 420 B.C. at Olympia, a famous Greek religious center and the site of the original Olympic Games.

The god, 40 feet high, sat on a cedarwood throne ornamented with ebony, ivory, gold and precious stones. Around his legs were dancing goddesses of victory, and his footstool was supported by two golden lions. His flesh was of ivory, his hair and beard of pure gold. His scepter, shining with the rainbow's colors, was made of precious metals, and the golden clothing of Zeus was covered with enamel flowers. No wonder travelers journeyed from distant lands to see this beautiful figure of their most powerful god!

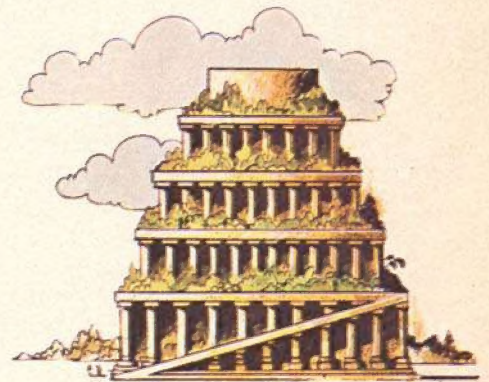
Years later, a Roman emperor banned the worship of Zeus, and the statue was dragged off to Constantinople; no one knows what happened to it. The emperor ordered the temple itself destroyed by fire in 426 A.D.



THE HANGING GARDENS OF BABYLON

The Greeks had to leave the familiar shores of the Mediterranean to visit the sixth Wonder—the Hanging Gardens of Babylon, in what is now Iraq. But the thrill of viewing the lush, exotic sight was well worth the strenuous trip by horseback, chariot or two-wheeled cart.

The Gardens, viewed from a distance, seemed to hang from the sky, a patch of green above the dusty clay-brick town below. Yet the foliage was actually planted upon the terraces of a sprawling



palace built by the mighty king Nebuchadnezzar, who reigned from 605 to 562 B.C.

On each terrace workmen had placed a layer of rich earth, full of organic material and so deep that it provided soil for the most lavish vegetation, even fruit trees. Underneath the soil, sheets of lead protected the rooms below from the irrigation water, masterfully drawn up by hidden machinery from the nearby Euphrates River.

The many arches of the palace were festooned with flowering creepers, and all the platforms were ablaze with the most gorgeously scented and colored flowers the world could produce. Rich and luscious fruits hung from green-leaved trees that fascinated the beholder with their great size and beauty.

Today, although a few lumps of



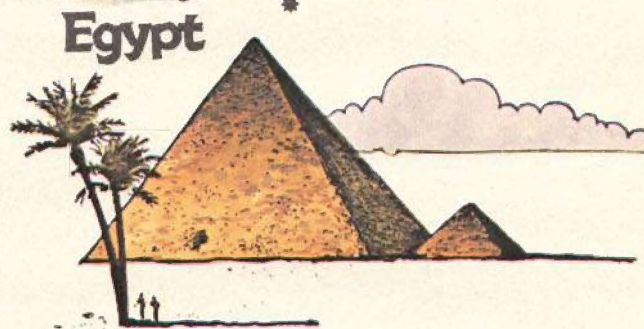
rubble are all that remain of the Hanging Gardens, archeologists have unearthed many treasures that give us some idea of why the Greeks were overcome with the extent and beauty of Nebuchadnezzar's palace.

THE GREAT PYRAMIDS OF EGYPT

The remaining Wonder is the oldest—the Great Pyramids of Egypt. They were already more than 2,000 years old when Antipater composed his sightseeing list for tourists.

These huge structures, tapering to a point at the top, were built upon the desert as tombs for Egyptian kings, or Pharaohs. Today they look much as they did to the ancient Greeks, who laughingly called them "wheat cakes," or "pyramidoi" in their language, and the name stuck.

One of them—the tomb of the Pharaoh Cheops—is the largest building of all time. If it were hollow, it could easily contain St. Peter's in Rome, the Cathedrals of



Milan and Florence, St. Paul's Cathedral and Westminster Abbey in London—in other words, the five biggest churches in the world.

The pyramid of Cheops was originally 480 feet high (some of the tip has been worn away or vandalized) and 755 feet wide on each of its four sides. It was as high as a 44-story building.

Today we know much of the history of Egypt, but for many years the entire culture was shrouded in mystery, because no one could read the sacred picture-language, or hieroglyphics, which adorned the walls of the chambers and hallways within the pyramids.

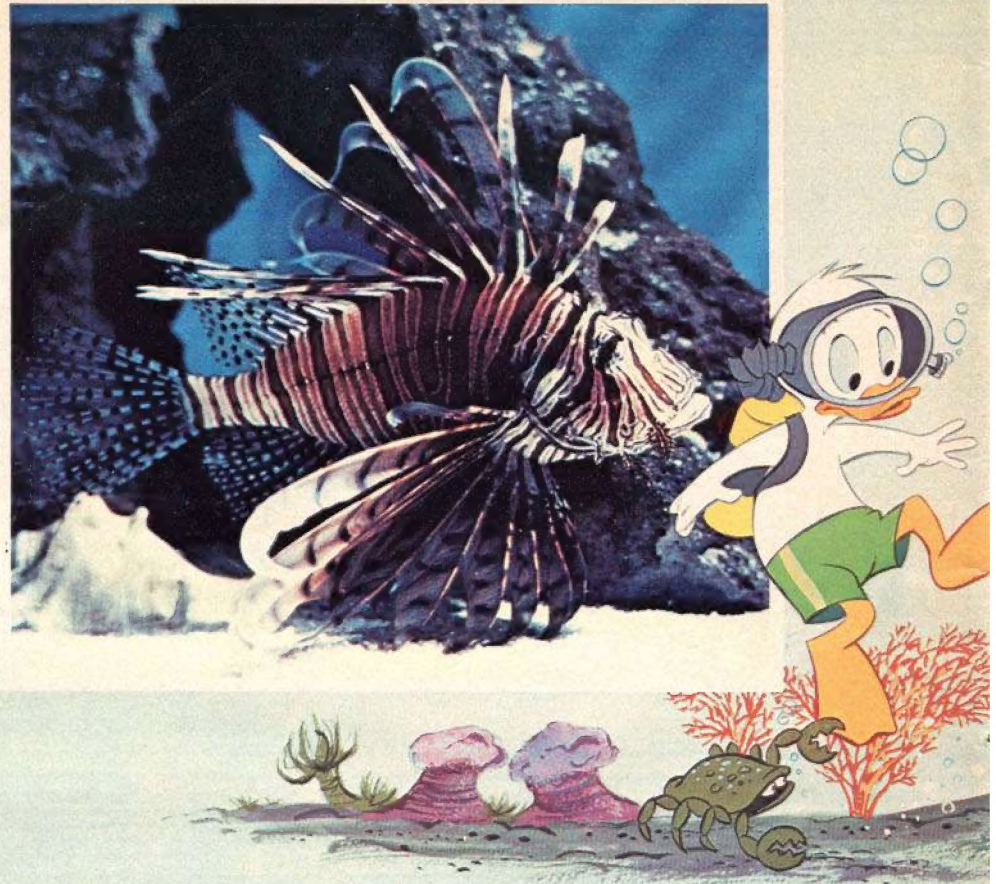
But in 1798 some of the French soldiers of Napoleon, fighting in Egypt, found a large, carved mar-

ble marker that provided a partial translation to some of the hieroglyphics. Hard detective work lasting ten years solved both the hieroglyphic code and the mystery of the Pyramids.

Two thousand years from now, what will people think were the seven wonders of our world? What would you put on the list? St. Paul's Cathedral in London? The Empire State Building in New York? The Palace of Versailles near Paris?

And wouldn't you include the long-lasting, the mighty, the imposing Great Pyramids of Egypt, just as the ancient Greeks did?

MEDUSAE (Jelly Fish)



RANGER WOODLORE'S

"Well, boys," said Ranger J. Audubon Woodlore to the three nephews, "put your gear on and we'll explore the mysteries of a coral sea."

"We can even talk underwater by turning this knob," said Louie, struggling with the tanks.

"But remember, boys, don't touch anything and stick together," warned the Ranger as they slid into the warm water. "Danger lurks for the unwary!"

"Wow! Purple! Pink! Yellow!" Louie exclaimed to his brother as they swam deeper into the clear blue waters. "It's like a garden of flowers!"

"A garden of animals, boys," contradicted Ranger Woodlore.

"Animals? But the bushes... the tree trunks..."

"The many-petaled flowers that you see on the 'bushes' are tiny animals called coral polyps. Cor-

als build the 'tree trunks' from their own bodies."

"There are millions of them!"

"Yes, corals live in colonies."

"Like an apartment house?"

"Yes. And different kinds of corals build different kinds of houses. These are like antlers; the red one is like a fan."

"How do they eat?" asked Huey, somersaulting over a huge clam.

"As food floats past, the poison-filled 'petals' reach out to sting the prey. The tentacles push the paralyzed food into the polyp's mouth."

"Would they sting us?"

"Yes. Some corals and anemones are harmful, so the underwater observer must be careful."

Dewey paddled back a few feet and looked up and down, left and right, spreading his arms wide in amazement.

"Look, everybody," he called

out. "These coral jungles go on for as far as I can see. There are corals on top of corals on top of corals!"

"You sure are right there," agreed Huey, his eyes popping.

"Right indeed," chuckled the Ranger. "These coral animals have been building their houses here for thousands of years. The empty apartments provide hiding places for other sea life."

"Like this baby octopus here?" asked Louie, peering into a hole.

"Yes, but this octopus is full grown, only a few inches long. The small white grains hanging from the roof are eggs."

"Is she cleaning the eggs?"

"She is, boys. She washes the eggs so that fungus will not grow on them. Octopuses are excellent mothers. Let's not disturb her."

"Good-bye, Mrs. Octopus," said Louie, pushing himself away from the reef wall.



FLABELLINA (Slug)



NATURE HIKES

Dewey hung, head down, his face dangerously close to the wriggling tentacles of a large anemone. "Look!" he shouted. "A tiny pink crawling ruffle!"

"Dewey has sighted a sea slug, shell-less relative of the snail," explained the Ranger. "It eats animals that live on coral and anemones. Some sea slugs swallow the stinging cells of the corals and use the 'stingers' to poison their enemies."

"That's pretty clever!" said Dewey admiringly.

"Oho, boys," exclaimed the Ranger, bending over a blob on the sea floor. "Here is something far more clever—an angler fish."

"Angler! You mean he carries a fishing rod?"

"SSHHH, Louie! Come close."

The nephews stared at the fish, scarcely breathing. The fish sat motionless.

OCTOPUS EGGS



ANGLER FISH



CHRYSAORA (Jelly Fish)



SEA ANEMONE

"Look at the wiggly string floating up from its head!"

"That's its fishing line and bait, a piece of its own skin that it uses as a lure."

"Here comes another fish. It's looking at the angler's bait! It's getting close!"

The angler's lip twitched, making the line and bait dance. The little fish approached. Suddenly there was a cloud of sand, and a faint "THOP."

"Wow! The angler caught it. The little fish is gone."

"And the angler had a good meal," added the Ranger.

"Ranger Woodlore, this rock just moved!" shouted Huey, paddling

back from where he was about to place his foot.

"Whoa! Hold back, boys," said the Ranger, extending his arms. "That 'rock' is the aptly named stonefish. His algae-like skin disguises the deadly poison spurs on his back."

"I wanted to see a jellyfish, Ranger Woodlore," said Louie, paddling on and gazing upward. His brothers and the Ranger followed.

"If you find one, keep your distance, Louie. Jellyfish tentacles reach many feet below the glass-like bubble. The poisonous tentacles paralyze small fish. Some jellyfish can even be fatal to man."

"Ranger Woodlore! That's the brightest fish I've ever seen," said Huey, gawking at the feathery creature above him.

"The lionfish, Huey, is beautiful but dangerous."

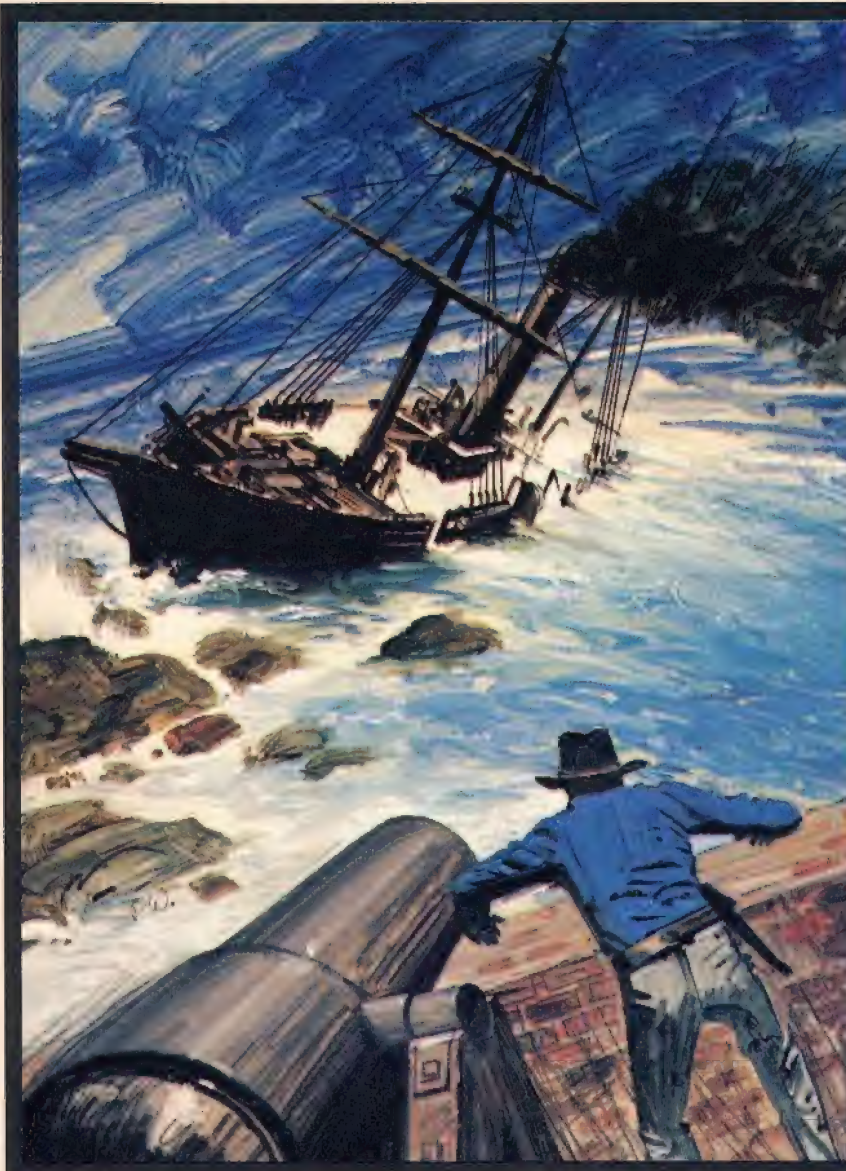
"Is IT poisonous, too?"

"Yes. The stonefish is its distant cousin. The spines on its back eject venom, but only in self-defense.

"And in OUR self-defense," added the Little Ranger, "we had better leave our fine finned friends now, to have our tanks refilled."

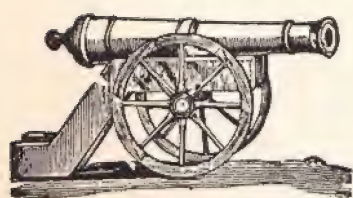
"But there's more I'd like to see, Ranger Woodlore," said Huey.

"There's much more to see, Huey. But we'll have to save that for another time."



FORT POINT

Where can you drive over a fortress which has never fired a shot in warfare although it guards one of the world's greatest harbors? Why, in San Francisco, of course.



When the magnificent Golden Gate Bridge was built across the entrance to San Francisco Bay, an arch of steel was designed to carry traffic above a red-brick building at the water's edge. This is Fort Point.

To reach it, you drive through the lush lawns and tree-covered hills of the Presidio of San Francisco. You pass meadows and valleys where soldiers of the Spanish-American War once set their tents, and you can stop off at El Polin Springs where — according to an old Indian legend — the maiden who drinks its water in the light of the full moon will marry the most handsome brave in the

tribe and live happily ever after.

The road then takes you past the quiet fields where taps is still sounded for men who served their country and now sleep in the National Cemetery. From a hillside you can see the small landing strip at Crissy Field, where those daredevils of the sky once brought their rickety planes to ground with the first transcontinental air mail. At last, you crest a hill and suddenly dip almost to the water, and you'll find yourself at a place in history called Fort Point.

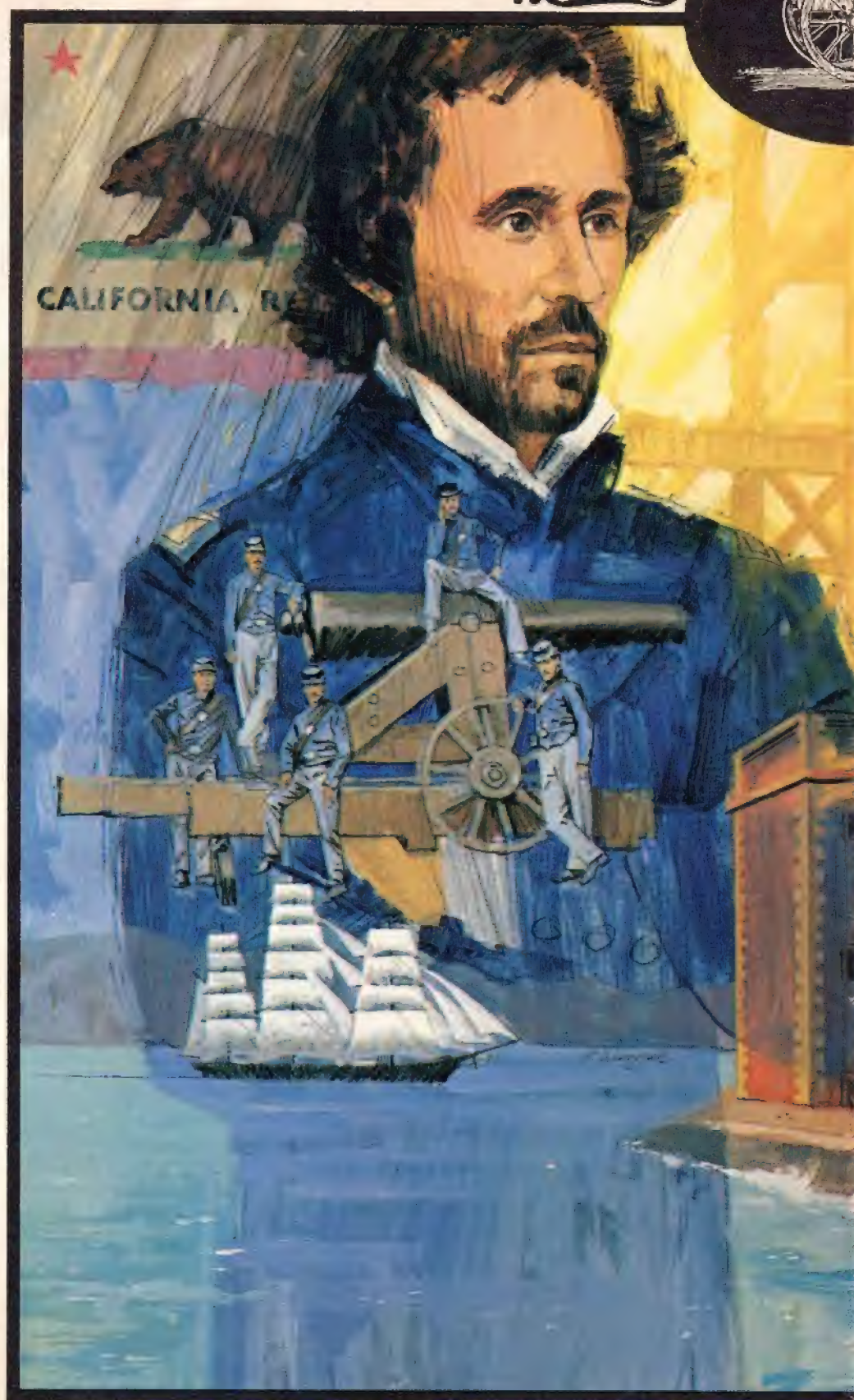
In 1776, while colonists on the eastern shore of our country were beginning the revolution that established the United States, Lt.

Col. Juan Bautista de Anza led a troop of Spanish explorers up the coast of California from Mexico. On March 28, he found himself on a bluff of white sandstone with the endless Pacific Ocean to the west, an unbelievable harbor to the east, and a narrow stretch of water (the Golden Gate) right in front of him. Anza declared that a fort should be built here to protect this port and he named it "El Castillo de San Joaquin."

The fort was built and eight bronze cannons cast in Lima, Peru, in the 17th century were mounted there. When California became a republic, Gen. John C. Fremont rushed from his home in Vallejo to spike the cannons so they couldn't be fired, and the American flag was raised over the fort on July 9, 1846. In 1854, the cliff where El Castillo de San Joaquin had stood was graded down to 16 feet above the level of the water, and the building of the present Fort Point began.

The fortress was constructed on the design of Fort Sumter in Charleston, South Carolina, where the Civil War began – and Fort Point was finished in 1860, on the eve of that war. The building is in the shape of an irregular quadrangle, and the brick walls are about seven feet thick. Four tiers of cannons – more than 120 of them – faced the bay and the Golden Gate, which is about one mile wide at this point, and the defenders were confident they could stop any enemy ships which might attempt to enter the harbor. None did, however, and the fort gained a reputation for never firing a shot in anger.

In 1882, it was renamed in honor of Lt. Gen. Winfield Scott, but a new Fort Winfield Scott was built in 1905, and Fort Point returned to its old name – much to everyone's confusion. The old post's days were numbered as a military installation, and in 1914, the guns were abandoned. German prison-





ers were kept there during World War I, and a searchlight battery aided the defense of the bay during World War II.

The fort is now open to the public, and as you walk through the huge wooden doors to the interior courtyard, you may hear the clomp of horses' hooves that once sounded there or the clank of those long-forgotten cannons being readied to fire on an enemy who never arrived. You can still see what was once called the most elaborate brickwork on the Pacific Coast, and above you are rows and rows of gun emplacements and the living quarters where the defenders once lived.

On a clear day you can imagine tall clipper ships sailing majestically into the peaceful bay, bearing strange and wonderful cargoes from the ports of the world. Or, if a blanket of fog should billow in from the ocean, you may hear ghost cries from the steamer *City of Rio de Janeiro* which crashed on the rocks in front of Fort Point on February 22, 1901, sinking into the swirling waters in ten minutes with more than half of her 200 passengers on board. The Golden Gate is some 300 feet deep here, and no trace of the ship has ever been found, although a legend survives that millions of dollars in gold lie buried in her hold.

After the fort, you might want to visit the nearby Maritime Museum and relive more of the history of this great port, or explore Fisherman's Wharf (where the smell of fresh shrimp and crab boiling in huge pots is sure to give you an appetite anytime of the day)! From there hop on one of the famous cable cars for a picturesque ride up San Francisco's hills. When you reach the top, look out and try to imagine the scene as it was when Anza first arrived at the point where stands this unique fort which has never fired a shot in wartime.



PINOCCHIO

IN A NON-CENTS STORY

"Hum-diddle-dee-dee," Geppetto the woodcarver merrily sang as he whittled away in his workshop. He was just putting the finishing touches on a little hand-carved box. It was a work of love.

When he was done, Geppetto proudly called Pinocchio in for a look. Pinocchio's pal Jiminy, a most discerning cricket, was close behind.

"Well," said Geppetto. "What do

you boys think? Honestly, now!"

"Ohhhh, father! It's *beautiful*," Pinocchio exclaimed, his eyes widening.

"Mighty fine, sir. Mighty fine," said Jiminy Cricket. "Fit for a treasure, if you ask me."

"Well, it *is* a little treasure box," said the old man. He took a handkerchief and gave the little chest one last, loving shine.

"You mean it's for a treasure

like rubies and diamonds?" Pinocchio asked excitedly.

"No, no," chuckled Geppetto. "Not for rubies and diamonds. It's going to hold a penny."

"A *penny*? Only a *penny*?" Pinocchio was disappointed.

"Yes, only a *penny*," smiled Geppetto. "But sometimes, my son, a penny can mean more than all the expensive jewels in the kingdom." The old man carefully

took a shiny new coin from his pocket and placed it in the box. "This penny is for a thought and a kindness," he said, "and you can't measure the value of such things the way you can a bright, red ruby."

Geppetto lifted the little wooden boy up on his work bench. "You see," he explained, "I recently had occasion to ask a good friend of mine for some friendly advice. He's a doctor, and a fine man, and he gave the advice willingly. He refused, however, to let me pay him for it. He said it was free advice, a friendly thought, so to speak. Well, I decided, if he won't let me pay him, the least I could do is send him 'a penny for his thoughts.'" The old man chuckled. "And I needed a pretty little treasure box to deliver his penny in, didn't I?"

"It's a beautiful box, father," said the puppet. Even Jiminy was impressed.

"Now I need some help from my little son," said Geppetto. "I need you to personally deliver this box to the good doctor. He lives on the other side of town."

"Of course, father," said Pinocchio.

Geppetto patted the boy's head, then reached in his pocket and pulled out another shiny penny. "This penny is for you, Pinocchio, for running my errand, and for being a good boy. You can spend it any way you wish. Buy yourself a lollipop, or some ice cream for yourself and Jiminy."

"Oh, boy!" said Pinocchio. "It's as good as delivered." He slipped the penny in his pocket and carefully took the box from Geppetto.

In a flash, Pinocchio and Jiminy were on their way, skipping and singing down the cobblestone street, on their way with the doctor's beautiful gift.

They hadn't gone more than a stone's throw when they turned a corner and—bang!—they ran

smack into none other than the crafty fox named J. Worthington Foulfellow ("Honest John" to his friends, of whom he had none) and a no-good cat named Gideon. Everyone went crashing to the ground.

"What's the big idea?" snapped the fox as he picked himself up off the sidewalk.

"What's the big idea?" hissed the cat, doubly angry since he had fallen on his whiskers and bent them.

Then they spied the treasure box and—quick as lightning—their attitudes changed.

Pinocchio tried to apologize for the accident, but "Honest John"

wouldn't hear of it. "My fault *com-plete-ly*, little boy," he insisted, putting his arm around Pinocchio's shoulder. Jiminy smelled trouble. He took his umbrella handle and pulled at Pinocchio's leg. "Come on, Pinoke," he said. "Let's be on our way, okay?"

"Do forgive me," grinned the fox, knocking Jiminy away with a snap of his finger. "It may be rude, little boy, but I simply must know something. Whatever do you have in that beeeee-u-tiful little box?"

"In the box?" said Pinocchio. "Oh, there's...there's a tiny little cuckoo clock...made of pure *gold*...all covered with *diamonds* and *rubies*!"



"DIAMONDS?" said the fox, his ears pointing straight up.

"RUBIES?" said the cat, eyes big as saucers.

Jiminy fell over in a faint.

"Very interesting...very interesting," said Honest John, then he took his leave, pulling Gideon after him. "We must be off," he said, and they were gone. Halfway down the street, they dashed be-

in the middle of the street was a giant balloon, painted all sorts of rainbow colors, tied to a small post. Inside were two pilots, primed for take-off.

"Oh, Jiminy, let's have a look," said the boy.

"Careful, Pinoke," cautioned Jiminy. He sniffed trouble again.

"Good day, good day," said one of the balloon pilots. There was

"Oh, thank you!" said Pinocchio. Jiminy, however, was suspicious. "Hold on, Pinoke," he said, having noticed the whiskers on the co-pilot. Pinocchio, in his enthusiasm, paid no attention to his conscience.

First he handed his treasure box to the first man in the balloon, then prepared to climb in. He got no further. In a quick, crafty move, the fox pushed Pinocchio away from the balloon. The cat cut the hold-rope.

"Hey!" yelled Pinocchio. "My box!"

"Goodbye, dear friends," hissed Honest John ceremoniously. Unfortunately, his pleasure and his speech were cut short when he noticed the balloon was moving upward at a snail's pace.

"Quick, you fool," he yelled at the cat. "Throw out the ballast!"

"What's ballast?" asked Gideon.

"The weight, you dummy! Throw out all the weight so we can get OUTTA HERE!"

The cat began moving so quickly his eyes crossed. First he threw out one sandbag, then another. Soon he tossed the last sandbag over the side. Then he threw out the treasure box.

The balloon quickly shot upwards. "Y-I-I-P-E-S!" screamed the cat.

"You idiot!" bellowed the fox as he watched the box fall to the ground. "You weren't supposed to throw out the box!" The box fell right into the hands of Pinocchio, and the balloon drifted out of sight.

"Whew! That was a close call," sighed Jiminy, wiping his brow. "C'mon, Pinoke, let's be on our way."

Pinocchio and Jiminy were not far from their final destination, at the top of a tiny hill, when they spotted a sweet little mother out for an afternoon stroll, pushing a baby carriage.

"Oh, let's look at the baby," suggested Pinocchio.

"Well, all right," said Jiminy,



hind a building to make plans.

"Pinocchio, will you never learn?" said Jiminy Cricket when left alone with his friend. "As your official conscience, haven't I told you again and again not to tell lies? There's nothing but a penny in that box!"

"Aw, Jiminy," said the puppet. "I was only having fun. What harm can a little lie do?"

"You never know, my boy, you never know," said the wise old cricket. "I don't like it a bit, not a bit," he mumbled the rest of the way down the street.

Turning the next corner brought another surprise. There

something vaguely familiar about him. He had a long nose, bushy red tail and foxy disposition.

"Hello, sir," replied Pinocchio.

"What a lovely little box you're holding," said the other man, who, no mistake, resembled a cat under his disguise.

"We're delivering it across town to a friend of my father," said Pinocchio.

"Indeed?" said the pilot.

"Indeed!" nodded the co-pilot.

"Perhaps I can help," said the first man. "Why not climb into my sturdy balloon basket and let us fly you to your friend's home? Saves wear and tear on the feet."

"but just for a minute."

The sweet little mother seemed delighted to have visitors. "Good morning," she cooed.

"Morning, ma'am," said Jiminy, tipping his hat.

"Good morning, ma'am," said Pinocchio. "What a cute little baby you have."

"And what a cute little box you're holding," said the mother, who had a suspiciously long snout and red tail. "Why don't you be a nice little boy and show the pretty box to my baby?"

"Certainly, ma'am," said Pinocchio.

"Careful, Pinoke," cautioned Jiminy.

"Oh, Jiminy, nothing's going to happen this time. Why worry about a sweet little baby?" Then Pinocchio held up the box for the

baby to see.

Quick as a dart, with a loud meow, the "baby" grabbed the treasure box out of Pinocchio's hand, and the "mother" gave the baby buggy a hefty push down the hill. Then, fast as a fox, both "mother" and "baby" were in the buggy, swiftly zooming down the hill in a crafty getaway. "Hee-hee-hee," Honest John cackled to himself, throwing off his disguise.

"Ha-ha-ha," giggled Gideon, removing his baby bonnet.

"We've been tricked!" said Jiminy, standing beside his pal at the top of the hill.

"What'll we do?" moaned Pinocchio.

Fortunately, they didn't have to do anything—the hill did it for them. It turned out to be much steeper than either Honest John

or Gideon had anticipated, and the buggy started moving faster than a runaway train. "EGAD!" yelled the fox, and they both held on for dear life.

Pinocchio and Jiminy started running down the hill in hot pursuit of the runaway buggy and the stolen treasure box. "Follow that buggy!" commanded the cricket.

They didn't catch up with the buggy, but a lamp post did. At the bottom of the hill, the carriage smashed into the lamp post with enough force to leave the fox and the cat seeing stars for a week. What they also saw was the treasure box bouncing out of the carriage. Plop! it went onto the cobblestone street, its lid flying open. Out flew the penny and plop, it bounced down into a drain, lost forever!

"Now see what trouble your silly lie caused?" said Jiminy Cricket, shaking his finger at Pinocchio.

Pinocchio saw, and felt terrible.

"I'm sorry, Jiminy," he said, bowing his head.

Pinocchio reached into his pocket for his penny. He had looked forward to that lollipop or ice cream, but he put his own penny inside the treasure box and, with no more nonsense, finally delivered it to Geppetto's friend.

"Have you learned anything today?" asked Jiminy on the way home.

"Oh, yes," said the wooden boy. "It's dangerous to exaggerate, and it's important to tell the truth."

"Anything else?" asked the cricket.

"Well, you shouldn't trust balloon pilots with long red tails, or get near babies in buggies who have long whiskers."

"Is that all you learned?" Jiminy said, beginning to lose his patience.

"Oh yes," Pinocchio smiled. "Always listen to your conscience!"

Jiminy Cricket figured the day hadn't been a total loss.



*He was as wacky
a horseman as his
pop was a tailor.*

GROUCHO MARX



When I was young, my brothers and I went into vaudeville to help support the family. We had to. My father was the worst tailor in New York, including Chicago and Los Angeles.

To begin with, he could never cut a suit properly. He couldn't even cut a rug—but that's another story and a dull one. Adding to his lack of talent as a tailor, was Chico's lack of talent as a son. Chico was constantly hocking my father's scissors. Whenever my father needed them, he'd find them hanging in the window (just the scissors, not Chico).

My father could never make a suit, so consequently he always had to find new customers. You would think in a city of seven million people, that would be no problem. But by the time my father retired there were only about nineteen people left who hadn't heard of his unique talent for making one-legged trousers and vests with sleeves.

Once my father had a customer who ran an ice cream store. He made this man a suit, and packed it in a box telling me, "Go deliver this. The man has a confectionary store and he'll give you a chocolate ice cream soda."

Mouth watering, I ran all the way to deliver my parcel. While I was slurping the last of my soda, the man opened the box and to his surprise my father had sent only a vest and jacket. Chico had hocked the pants. By this time, I was only a few steps ahead of a dissatisfied customer and an early demise.

This is not to say Chico and my father were the only ones with faults.

I was in Colorado once, working in an act called the LeRoy Trio. LeRoy stole all my money, and shortly after, ran away with a tap dancer. So there I was,

stranded in the wilds of Colorado without any money.

I didn't know what to do, but I knew I had to get some cash. So I took a job driving a team of horses pulling a grocery wagon between Cripple Creek and Victor, Colorado—ten miles away.

Now, I didn't know anything about horses except that they ate sugar. The only horses I had seen up to that time were on carousels. Nevertheless, I introduced myself to the team and explained who was boss. I thought the job would be a cinch.

Between Cripple Creek and Victor was a mountain range. As the team and I traveled further up, the road got narrower. At one point I looked down. Between us and the bottom of the gorge there must have been 4,000 feet (which is fine if you're a shoemaker).

I was terrified, but thought that if we went faster it would be over with sooner. However, one of the horses (obviously a union member) went on a sit-down strike in the middle of the road and wouldn't budge until a new driver came along.

It turned out I was as bad at driving horses as my father was at making clothes. I was fired, of course, but it taught me a lesson. You should never try to do anything unless you're prepared for it, and willing to take the consequences.

If I hadn't learned a lesson, I may well have had to spend the rest of my life at the bottom of a 4,000-foot drop. Worse yet, if my father hadn't learned a lesson and quit tailoring, half the men in New York City might be walking around today without pants.

Groucho



WALT DISNEY'S
MICKEY
and the **SLEUTH**



"The Case of the Closet Deposit"



SLEUTH! LONDON'S GREATEST DETECTIVE HAS JUST WALKED OUT BECAUSE THE BANK WAS SO UNTIDY! DON'T YOU THINK WE SHOULD HIRE ANOTHER JANITOR?



PERHAPS YOU ARE RIGHT, TELLER THOMAS! DURING YOUR LUNCH HOUR PLACE AN AD IN THE PAPER FOR A NEW JANITOR! AND DON'T WASTE THE BANK'S TIME EATING YOUR LUNCH!



OH, THANK YOU, SIR!

LETUCELEAP M. MALONE
BANK PRESIDENT

NEXT DAY...

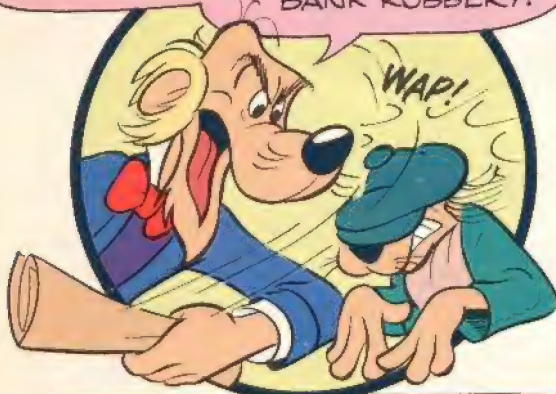
AH! JUST THE TYPE OF AD I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR! THE BANK OF LONDON IS ADVERTISING FOR A NEW JANITOR!



HOW ABOUT ME? I'M GOOD WITH A BROOM!



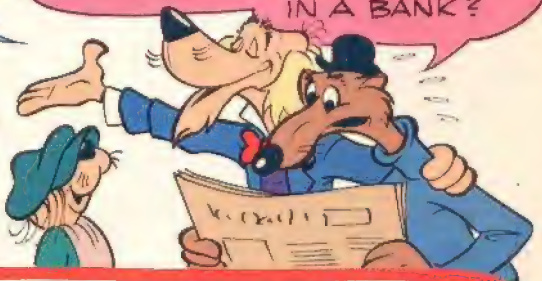
WE'RE NOT GOING TO CLEAN UP THE BANK... WE'RE GOING TO CLEAN IT OUT!! EVERY CENT! IT'LL BE THE PERFECT BANK ROBBERY!



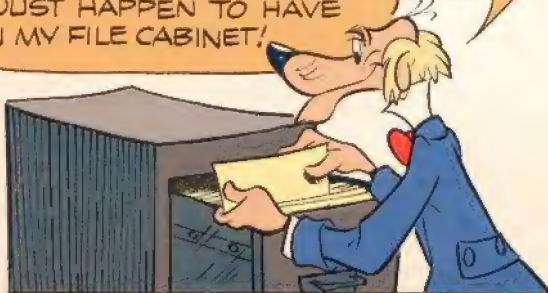
GENTLEMEN! MEET THE NEW JANITOR!



BUT, PROFESSOR... THE AD SAYS YOU HAVE TO BE HONORABLE AND TRUSTWORTHY AND HAVE REFERENCES! WHO WOULD RECOMMEND ME TO WORK IN A BANK?



I WOULD! YOU ARE THE MOST HONORABLE AND TRUSTWORTHY CROOK I KNOW! AND I'LL WRITE YOU SOME FIRST CLASS RECOMMENDATIONS ON LETTERHEADS OF ENGLAND'S MOST PROMINENT BANKS... THE LETTERHEADS WHICH I JUST HAPPEN TO HAVE IN MY FILE CABINET!



HERE YOU ARE, SIDNEY! A COUPLE OF LETTERS OF RECOMMENDATION FROM THE BANK OF PUDDING-ON-THE-YORKSHIRE AND THE BANK OF IPSWICH! AND THE PHONE NUMBER OF EACH BANK WHICH JUST HAPPEN TO BE THE NUMBERS OF THE PHONES ON MY DESK!



AT THE BANK...

VERY FINE
RECOMMENDATIONS!
BUT WHY DID YOU
QUIT THESE
BANKS?

WELL... I WORE OUT
MY BROOM AND THEY
WOULDN'T BUY ME
ANOTHER ONE... THEN
AT THE OTHER BANK...

NEVERMIND! I'LL
CALL THE BANKS AND
CHECK WITH THEM!



THERE IT IS!

HELLO! BANK OF IPSWICH,
PRESIDENT NORTHCOTT
SPEAKING!

THIS IS THE BANK
OF LONDON CALLING!
WE'D LIKE TO KNOW
WHY YOUR EX-JANITOR
QUIT YOUR BANK!



HE WAS AN EXCELLENT JANITOR, BUT
THE INK IN OUR BALLPOINT PENS
GAVE HIM A
RASH! SO
HE QUIT!

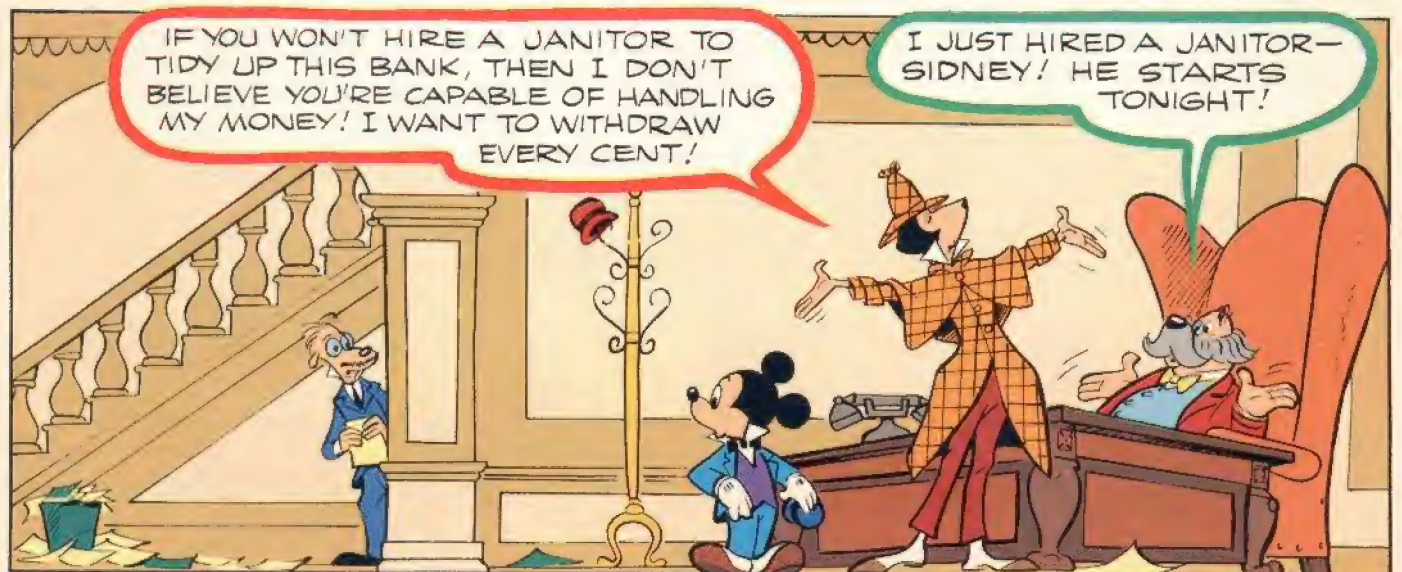
COLLEGE
of
CRIMINAL
KNOWLEDGE
Since 1955
Dinner 10p



THAT'S A SHAME ABOUT THE
RASH! NOW LET ME CHECK WITH
THE BANK OF PUDDING-ON-THE-
YORKSHIRE!

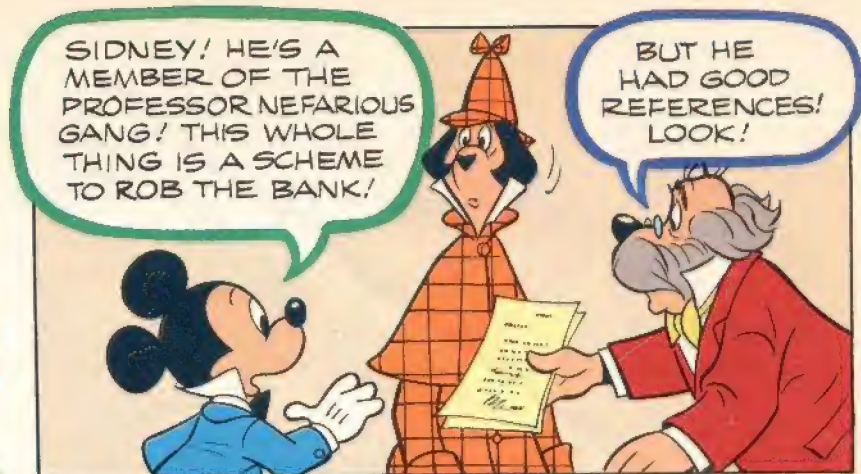








SIDNEY?!
THAT'S WHO
THAT
GUY
WAS!



SIDNEY! HE'S A
MEMBER OF THE
PROFESSOR NEFARIOUS
GANG! THIS WHOLE
THING IS A SCHEME
TO ROB THE BANK!

BUT HE
HAD GOOD
REFERENCES!
LOOK!



YES! VERY GOOD REFERENCES!
TWO LETTERS FROM DIFFERENT
BANKS, BUT **BOTH WERE
WRITTEN ON THE SAME
TYPEWRITER!**

THEY'LL
PROBABLY HIT
THE BANK TONIGHT!
I SUGGEST WE
PUT ALL THE MONEY
INTO THE BANK
TRUCK AND MOVE
IT TO ANOTHER
LOCATION! AND
THE SOONER
THE BETTER!



WHY DON'T
WE CALL
SCOTLAND
YARD AND
HAVE THEM
SURROUND
THE BANK?



NO! THEY MIGHT GET WISE!
LET THEM PULL THE JOB!
THEY WON'T **GET** ANY
MONEY, BUT
WE CAN **GET**
THEM!

BUT WHERE CAN WE
HIDE A TRUCKLOAD OF
MONEY WHERE THE
CROOKS WON'T
FIND IT?

DON'T WORRY ABOUT THAT!
I'LL HIDE IT IN THE LAST
PLACE ON EARTH THEY'LL
THINK OF LOOKING! LET'S
HURRY AND GET THAT BANK
TRUCK LOADED!



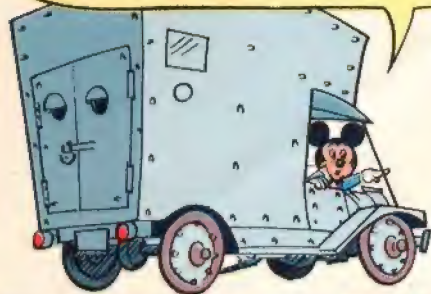
THIS IS
THE LAST
OF IT! NOT
ONE CENT
LEFT!

I'LL GO WITH THE GUARDS
TO SHOW THEM WHERE TO
PUT THE MONEY!

I HOPE YOU
KNOW WHAT
YOU'RE DOING!

BOTH
OF
THESE
LETTERS
WERE
WRITTEN
ON THE
SAME
TYPE-
WRITER!

SLEUTH! YOU AND MR. MALONE
HIDE IN THE ALLEY! LET THE
CROOKS GO INTO THE BANK! AS
SOON AS THEY FIND OUT THERE'S
NO MONEY IN THERE, THEY'LL COME
OUT! THE MOST IMPORTANT THING
IS TO GET A PICTURE OF THEM
COMING OUT OF THE BANK!



FIRST I GOTTA
RUN DOWN TO
THE DRUG STORE
AND GET SOME
FILM! WHAT DO YOU
WANT, COLOR OR
BLACK AND WHITE?

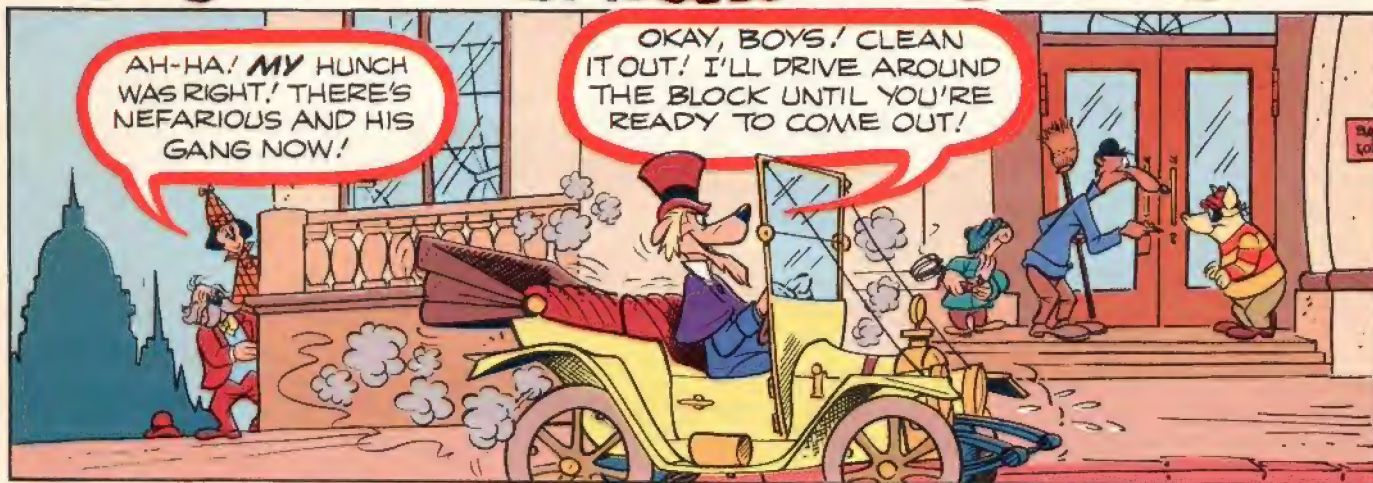


AH-HA! MY HUNCH WAS RIGHT!
THERE GOES NEFARIOUS AND
HIS GANG NOW!



AH-HA! **MY** HUNCH
WAS RIGHT! THERE'S
NEFARIOUS AND HIS
GANG NOW!

OKAY, BOYS! CLEAN
IT OUT! I'LL DRIVE AROUND
THE BLOCK UNTIL YOU'RE
READY TO COME OUT!

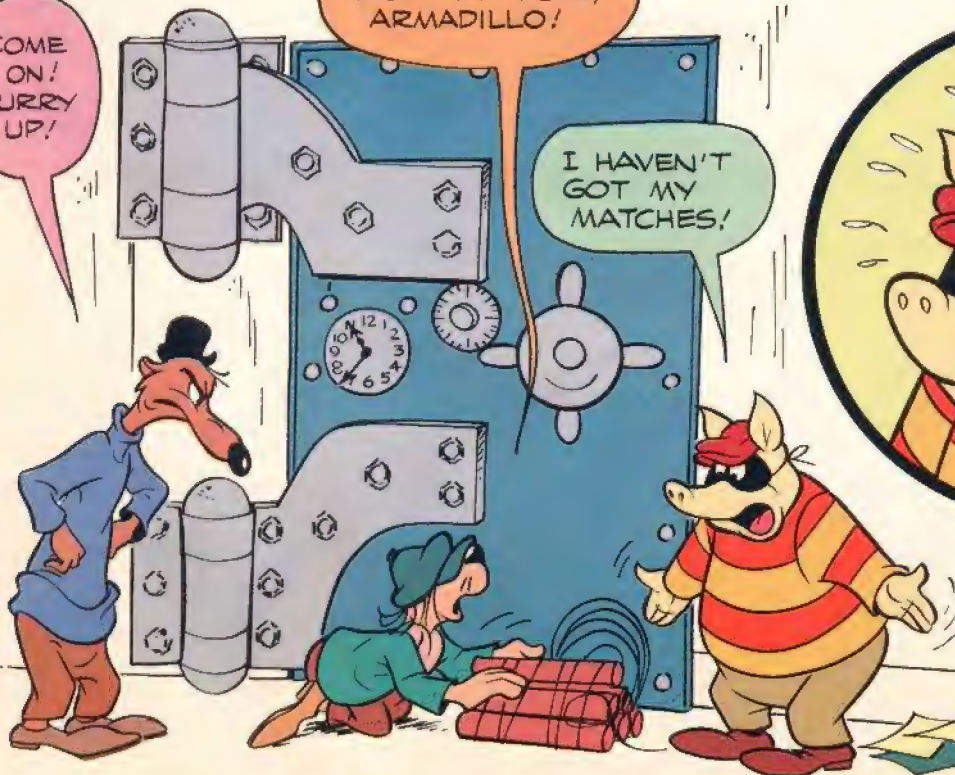


COME
ON!
HURRY
UP!

I'M HURRYIN'!
LIGHT THE FUSE,
ARMADILLO!

I HAVEN'T
GOT MY
MATCHES!

HOW COME YOU
DIDN'T BRING MY
MATCHES, YOU
DUMMY?



I BROUGHT THE DYNAMITE!
DO I HAVE TO DO
EVERYTHING?



I
HAVEN'T
GOT A
MATCH!

WE
GOTTA
HAVE A
MATCH!



MAYBE I CAN
GET ONE FROM
SOMEBODY ON
THE STREET!



AH! THERE'S A GUY!

YES, I THINK I HAVE SOME
HERE IN MY
POCKET!

YOU
GOTTA
MATCH?

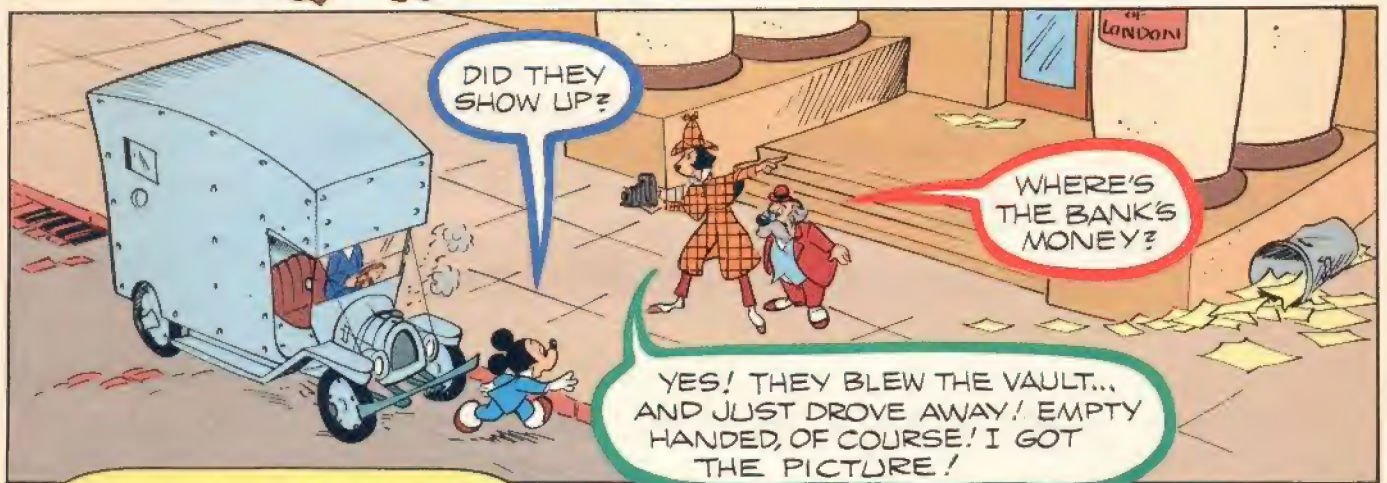


THANKS!



I GOT
THE MATCH!
I GET TO
LIGHT IT!

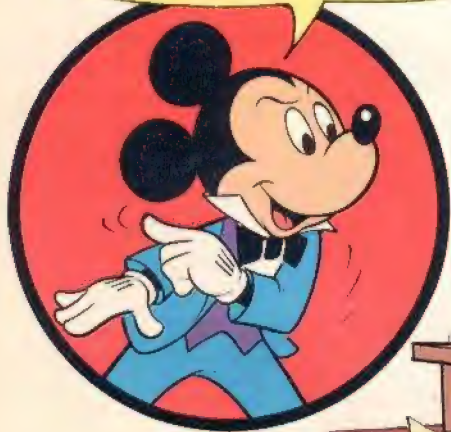


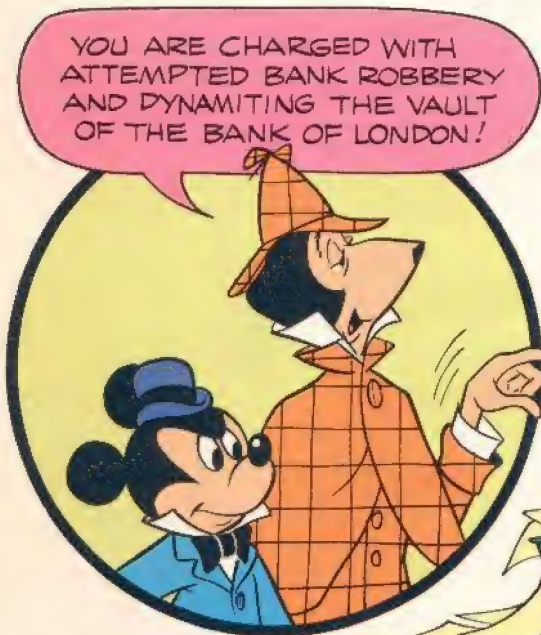


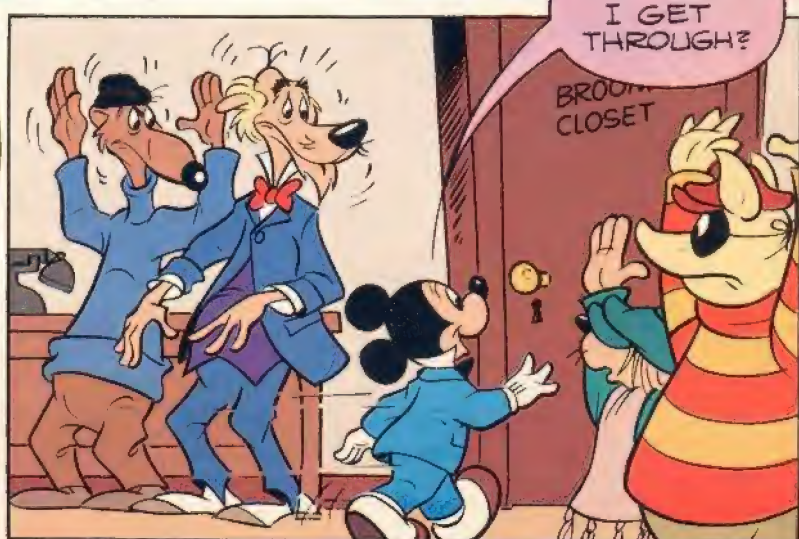
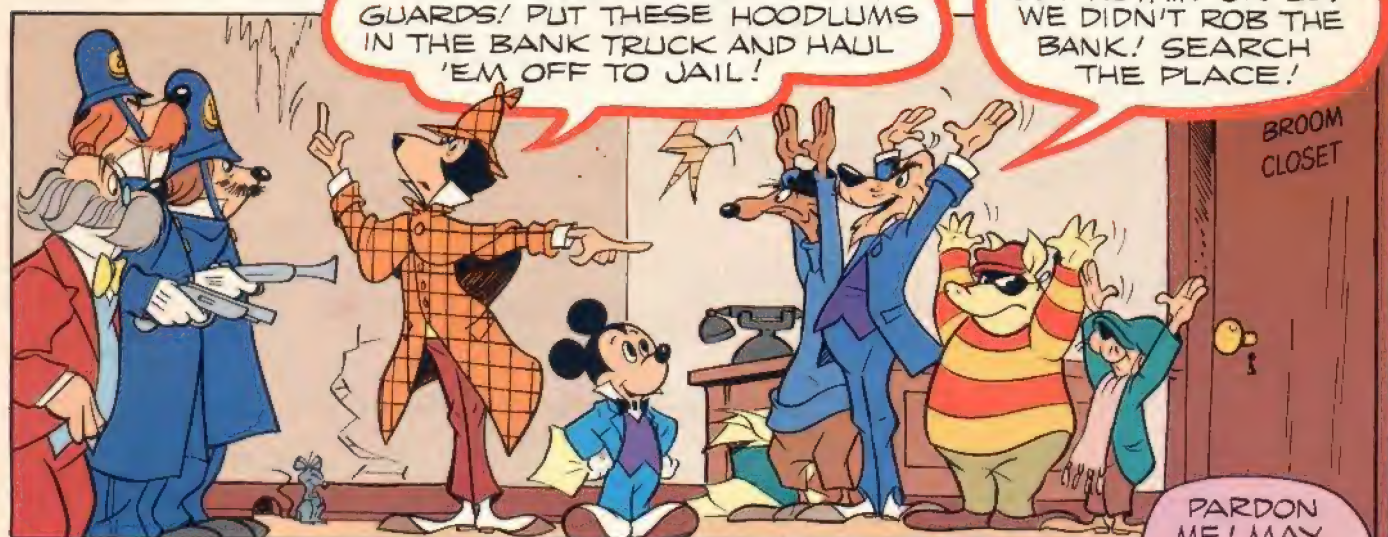
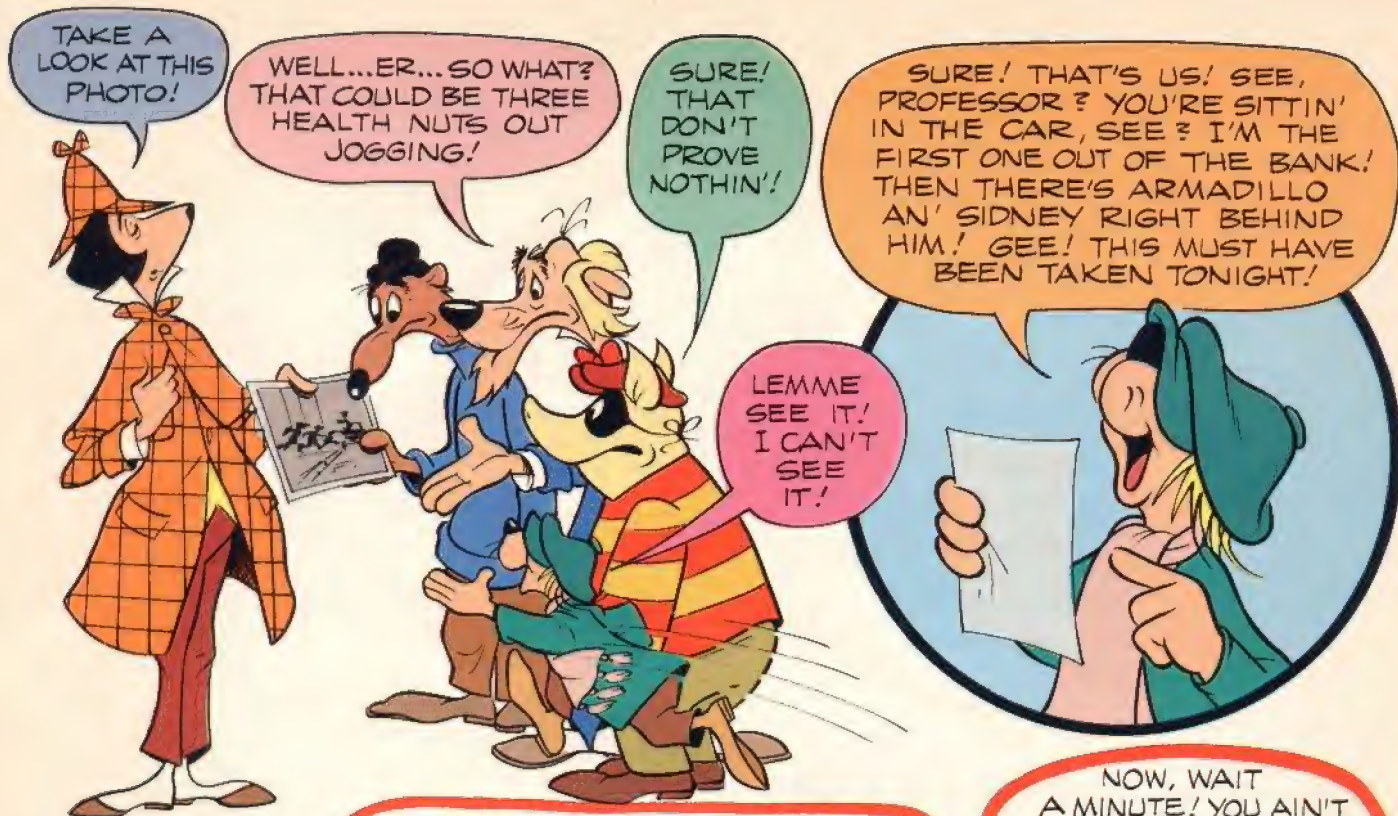
FORGET THE BANK'S MONEY!
FIRST WE HAVE TO PICK UP
PROFESSOR NEFARIOUS AND
HIS CULPRITS FOR ATTEMPTED
BANK ROBBERY AND FOR
BLOWING THE VAULT! GET
IN THE TRUCK!

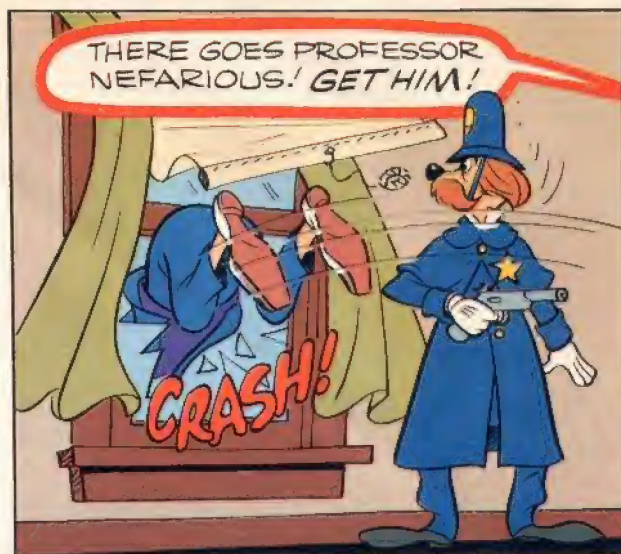
MEANWHILE,
BACK AT THE
COLLEGE OF
CRIMINAL
KNOWLEDGE...

I CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHY
THERE WAS NO MONEY IN THAT
BANK VAULT! DID ANY OF YOU
GUYS BLAB YOUR BIG MOUTHS
ABOUT OUR PLAN? SOMEWHERE
SOMETHING WENT WRONG! WE
LOST A MILLION BUCKS
TONIGHT!











Fort Wilderness

WALT DISNEY WORLD



Whoever heard of a lawnmower tree? An umbrella tree, maybe, but a lawnmower tree? Well, at Walt Disney World's Fort Wilderness campground, that's exactly what you'll find. It seems that someone, some 50 to 100 years ago from the looks of it, left an old hand lawnmower leaning against a young pine tree. Somehow the lawnmower fell over, and through the years the pine tree grew over the mower, so that the handle now sticks out one side of the trunk and the blade sticks out the other side.

When Walt Disney designed the Disney World complex, he stipulated that everything possible should be left in its natural state. So the lawnmower tree, odd as it is, has been left intact, with only the addition of a small plaque, which reads:

"Too long did Billy Bowlegs
Park his reel slow mower,
Alas, one warm and sunny day,
Aside a real fast grower."



Bay Lake, on which Fort Wilderness is situated, although improved by the addition of a sandy bottom (instead of mud), is still essentially the same large freshwater lake it was when Walt first saw it, and it still abounds with fish and ducks and other wildlife.

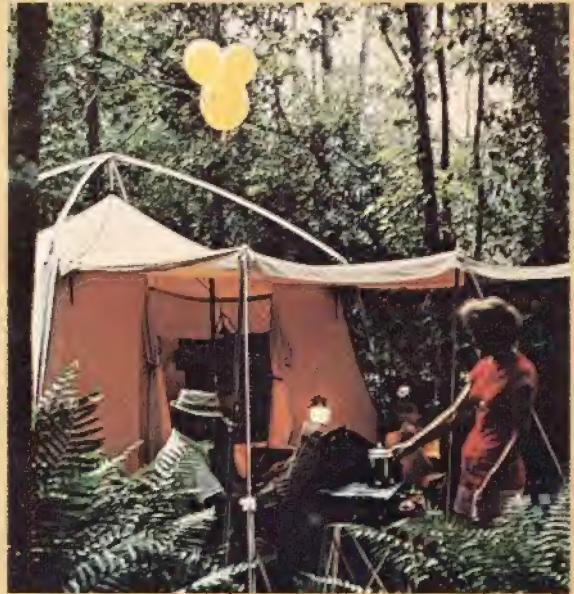
Fort Wilderness itself was developed with the idea that people should be set into, not onto, nature. This is evident from the individual campsites which are screened from their neighbors by foliage. The Wilderness Swamp Trail runs through a natural cypress swamp, where squirrels scurry up bark trunks, birds rustle in the treetops, and deer browse in the early morning.

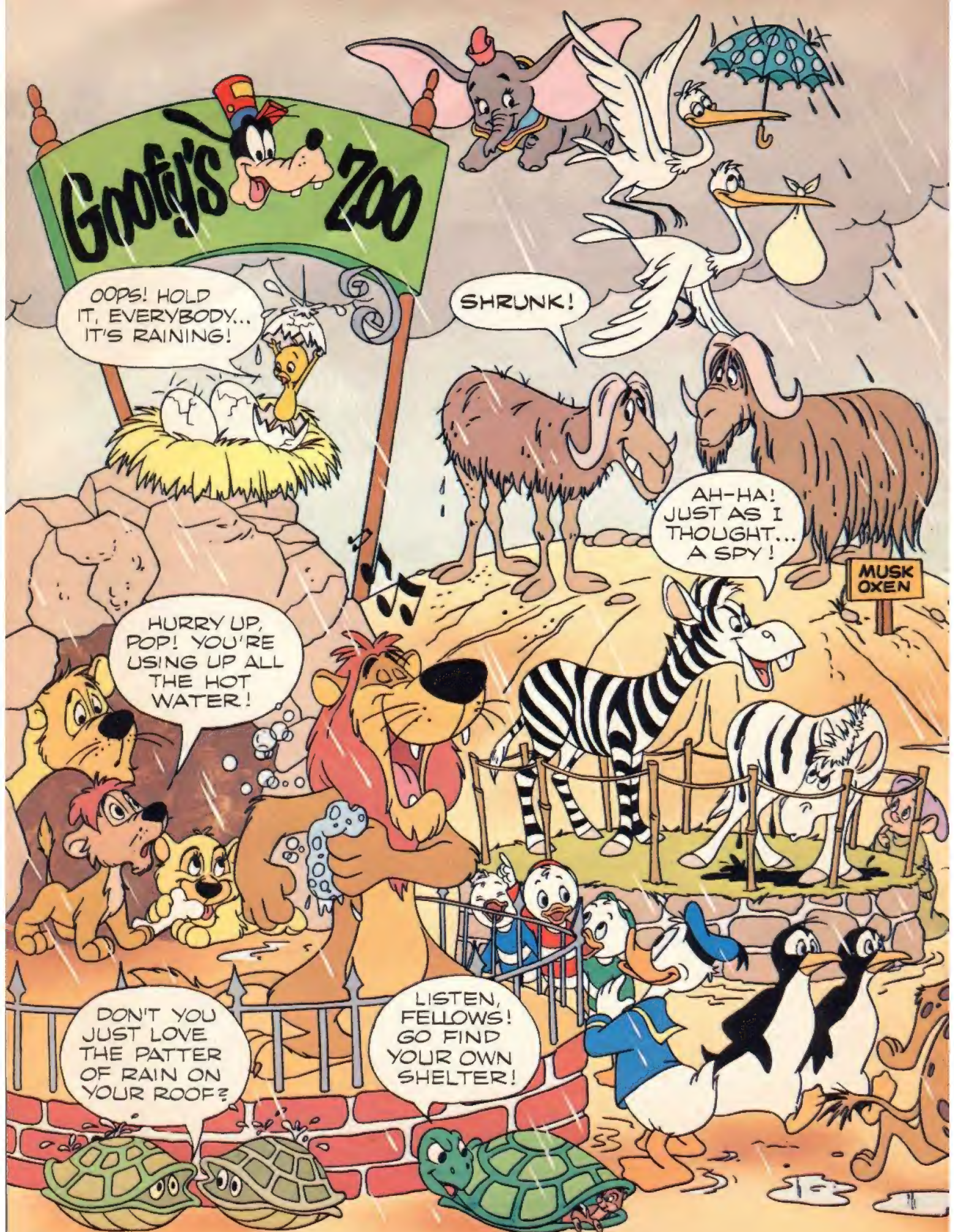
Bay Lake is complemented by a winding network of bayous, where canoes paddle right alongside the ducks that nest along the banks. Farther along the lake is Marshmallow Marsh. Each night a group of campers sets out in long canoes from the campground for an old-fashioned bonfire and marshmallow roast in the marsh.

In addition to moonlight canoe rides, the Fort Wilderness staff presents nightly sing-along campfires, where strains of old-time cowboy ballads like "Don't Fence Me In" add words to the evening music of frogs and crickets.

The dawn breaking over the tops of the pine trees might find horsemen from nearby Tri-Circle-D Ranch exploring the forest and beach areas. Other, more mechanically-minded adventurers prefer to see the sights either by bicycle or on Fort Wilderness' own narrow-gauge steam railway.

However one chooses to explore it, Fort Wilderness, with its old-time flavor and natural setting, is a unique campground. Where else could you find a lawnmower tree?



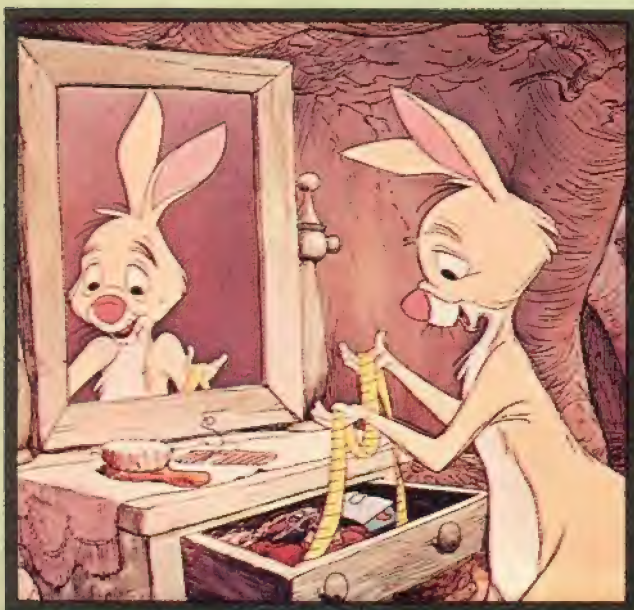


BUNNY BAFFLER

Calling all carrot-lovers! Here's a long-eared, cotton-tailed cartoon quiz for everybody. Name all seven correctly, and you're the champ. Five or six is good. Three or four is nice. Two is...uh, er...Okay, smarty—START!



1 This shy fellow knows that banging on a hollow log can wake up everyone in Bambi's forest. He is
☐ Jumper ☐ Thumper ☐ Bumper



4 Winnie-the-Pooh's friend in need is this wise old fellow with the unusual name of
☐ Stromboli ☐ Rabbit ☐ Turkey Lurkey



5 Ouch! Our famous friend has been knocked on his ear. Uncle Remus named him ☐ Brother Bunny ☐ Uncle Ears ☐ Brer Rabbit



2



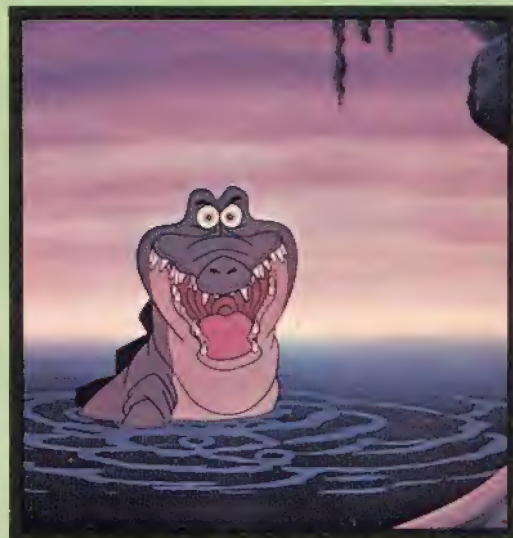
He may be fast as lightning, but this speedy fellow lost the race to a tortoise. His name is ☐ Swifty
☐ Crazylegs ☐ Max Hare



3 He shot an arrow into the air. And where it fell, only Robin Hood knows. We call this youngster ☐ Skippy ☐ Scrappy
☐ Scruffy



6 What a card! Our tea-sipping friend, being marched to Alice's trial, is the ☐ October Rabbit
☐ March Hare ☐ January Jack



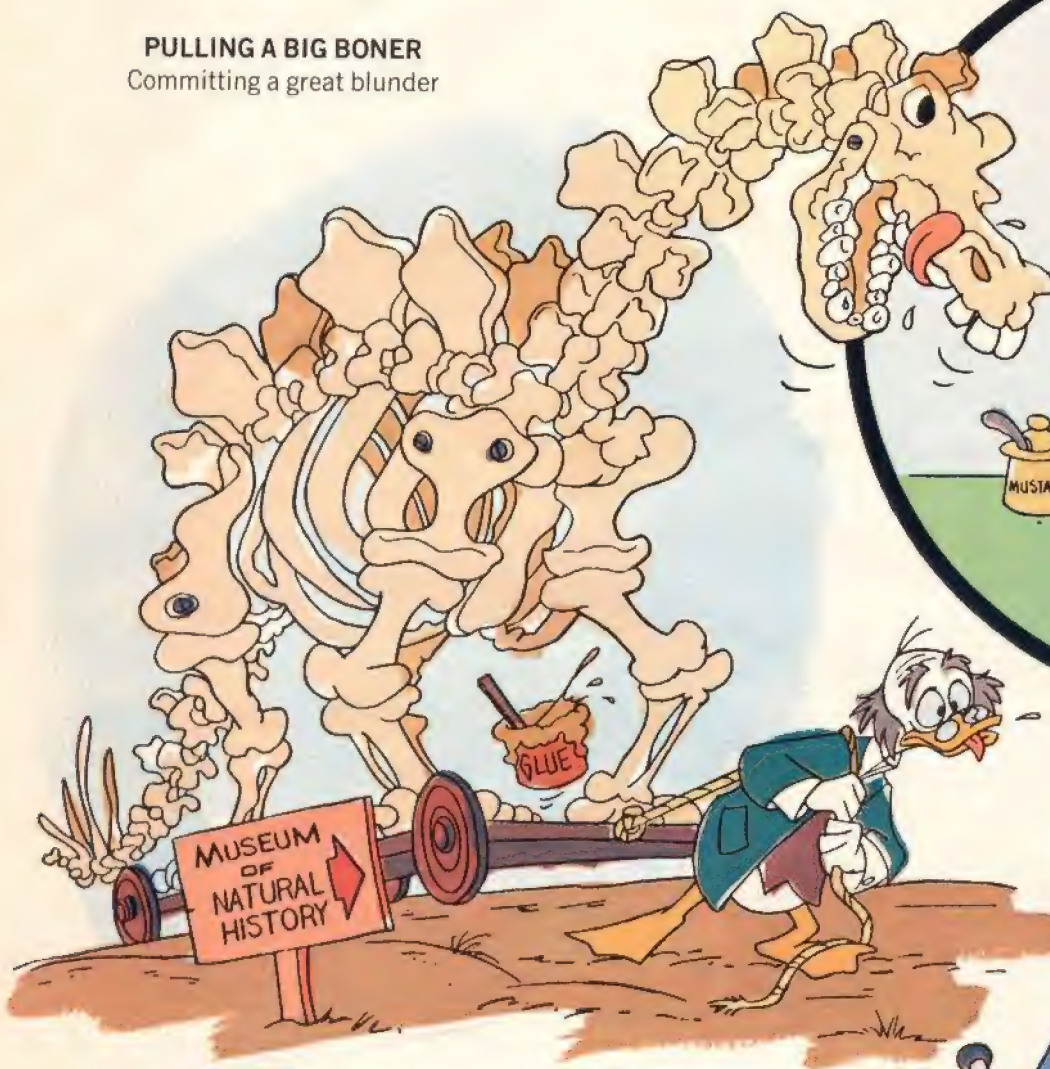
7 Now here's a, Ahem!...er...a sweet little cotton-tail who's waiting with bated breath for his yummy carrot. This cutsie-pie pal is named ☐ Bunnykins
☐ Nosey-Posey ☐ None of the Above

ANSWERS:

1. Thumper 2. Max Hare 3. Skippy 4. Rabbit 5. Brer Rabbit 6. March Hare 7. None of the Above

Simply Said

PULLING A BIG BONER
Committing a great blunder



RUNNING UP A LARGE BILL
Purchasing or charging
many items at once

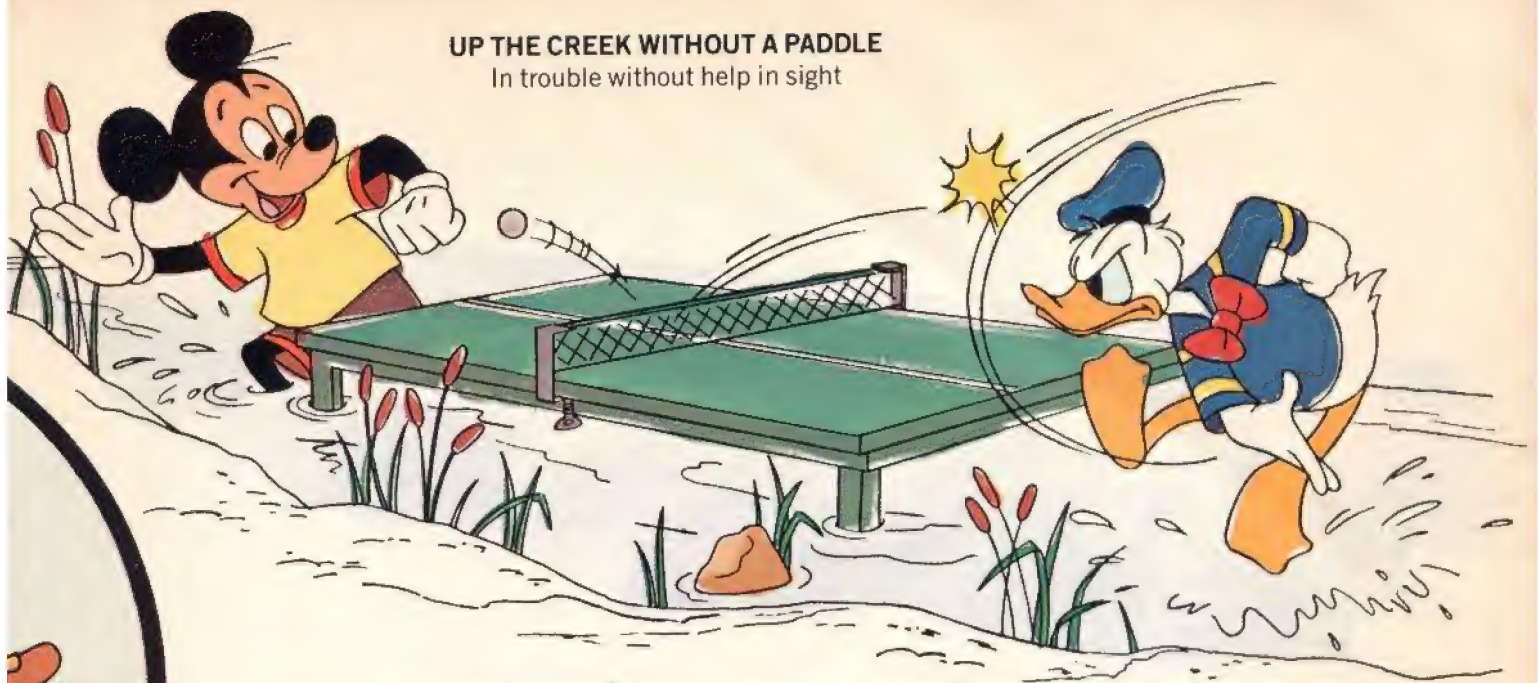


DOG EAT DOG
Competitive

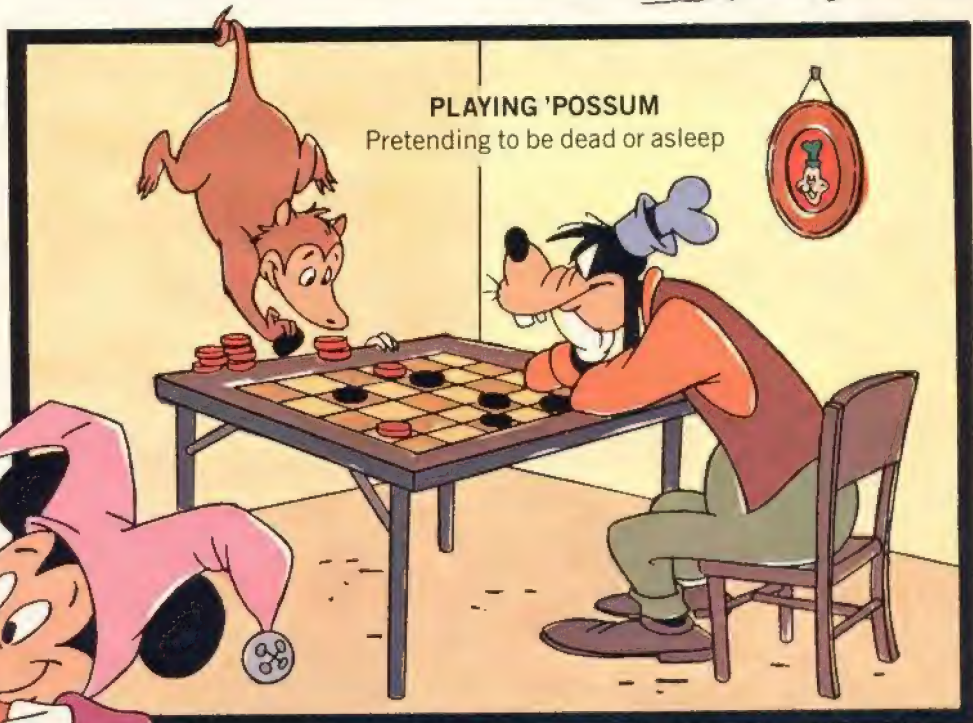
**PUTTING YOUR BEST
FOOT FORWARD**
Trying to make a
good impression



UP THE CREEK WITHOUT A PADDLE
In trouble without help in sight



PLAYING 'POSSUM
Pretending to be dead or asleep



MAKING A FOOL OF YOURSELF
Making yourself appear silly





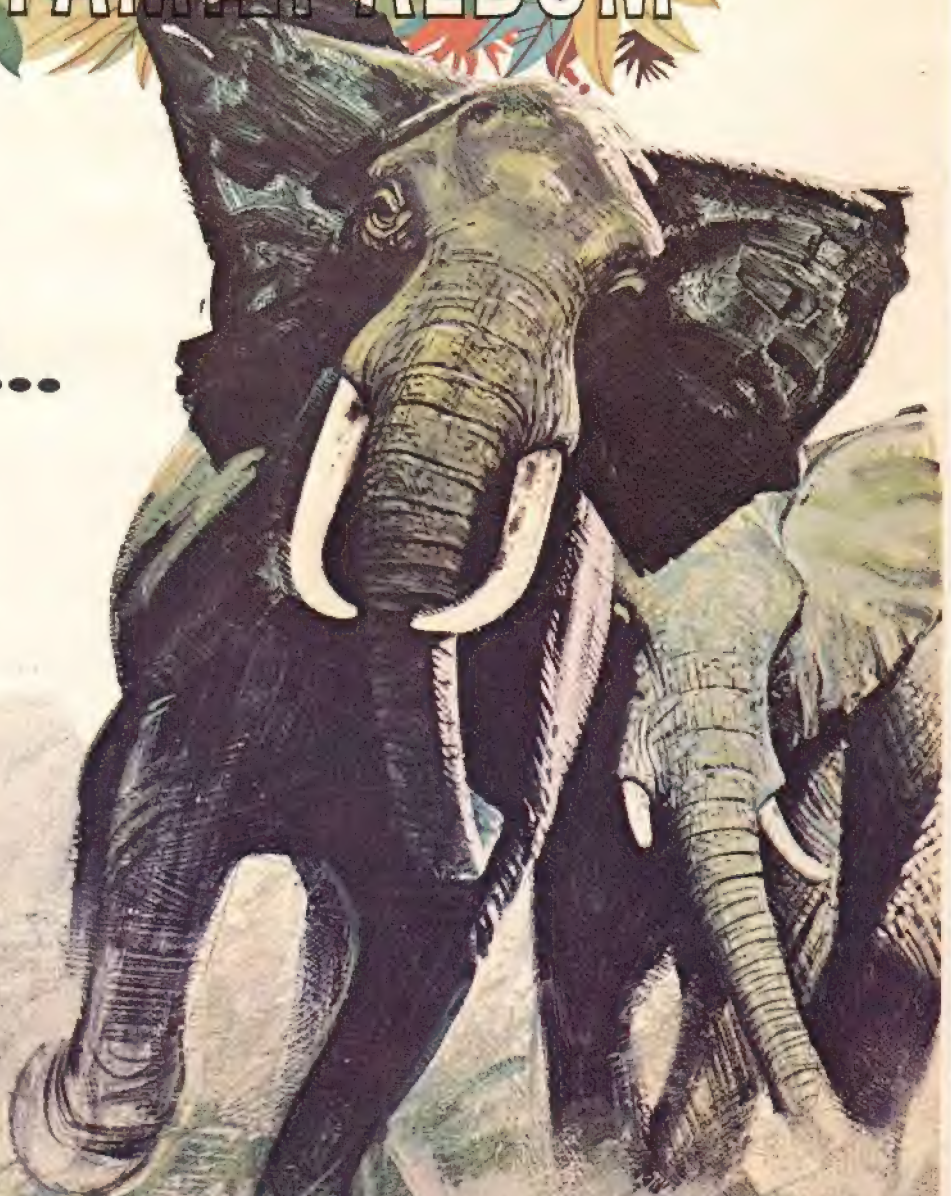
NATURE'S FAMILY ALBUM

Animal Autobiography

I AM AN ELEPHANT...

the largest living land mammal—more specifically, I am an African elephant. Many things make me easy to identify, my ears, for example. Not only is my hearing acute, but my large ears also act as fans to cool me in the hot African sun. My trunk is also rather unique. Did you know that the trunk is merely an outgrowth of an elephant's upper lip? I can use my trunk to suck up water—up to one and one-half gallons per trunkful—and squirt it down my throat when thirsty. I can also pluck my food from tall trees, or uproot plants. Naturally, I also use my trunk to smell things.

Then there are my two front teeth. That's what an elephant's tusks are. An average African elephant tusk is over ten feet long. That's a lot of ivory! We use the





tusks for digging, for taking the bark off trees and, of course, for keeping other elephants in line. Both male and female elephants grow tusks.

My legs are noteworthy, too. After all, they do support the rest of me. Elephant toes (Yes, we do have toes!) are so short as to be almost invisible. The toes and foot have fused into a large round pad, the better to support some seven tons of elephant. It is true that our legs are not designed for fancy footwork, and no elephant can jump at all! But when speed is necessary elephants move along at about 20 miles per hour. An elephant's neck is short so that the very heavy head is held close to the body. But with such a short neck and long, thick legs, we had to develop a means of drinking

water—our trunks. Interesting how everything in nature works toward survival, isn't it?

Concerning food, my favorite subject, elephants eat roots, leaf shoots and tender twigs, in very large quantities. Mangoes, maize and coconuts are special favorites. In captivity elephants don't eat much—only about one hundred pounds of hay daily. In the wild we elephants eat almost constantly; 16 of every 24 hours are spent eating. We stay near the water so that we can drink in the morning and again in the afternoon—usually 30 to 50 gallons a day is sufficient.

Unlike some other animals, we elephants take care of our own. When an elephant is injured or ill, two other elephants accompany him, one on each side, helping to support the ailing one's weight be-

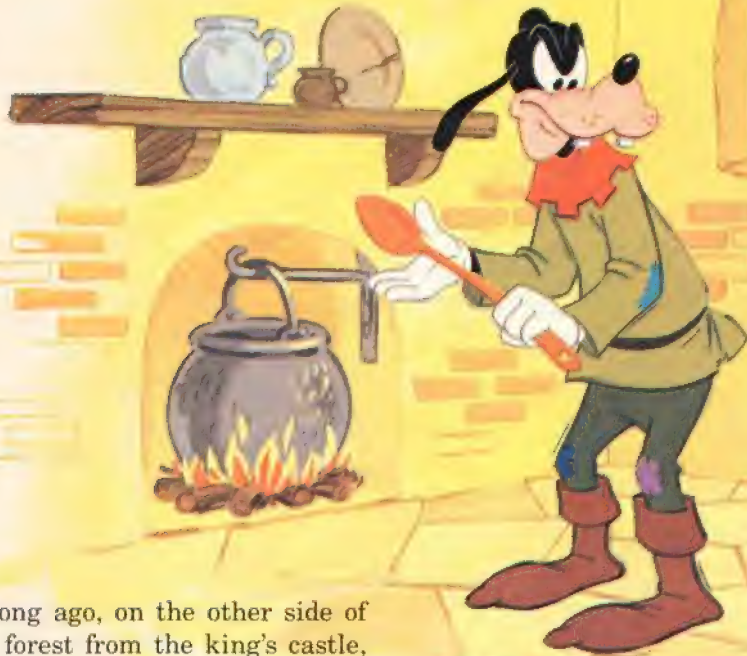
tween them. If one of us is mired in the mud, other elephants will try to pull him out with tusks and trunk.

It has been said that we African elephants are not as easily trained as our Indian cousins. Nonsense! The ancient Egyptians, as long ago as 3500 B.C., trained us as riding mounts and servants. Hannibal in his march to Rome in 218 B.C. employed African elephants. We are just as quick to learn as our Indian relatives—we're just a little more independent.

You might think that because of our immense size elephants are clumsy. Not so! We can walk through the forest unheard if we choose. So if you ever come visiting, don't try to sneak up on an elephant. You might not hear us, but we'll certainly hear you.

THE REMARKABLE ROOSTER

A re-told fairy tale from Yugoslavia



Long ago, on the other side of the forest from the king's castle, there lived a poor young farmer. He grew no crops—he was too poor to plant any. He sold no eggs—he had long ago eaten the last of his chickens. And he had no visitors—for who would want to come to such a poor farm?

But lonely was one thing he wasn't, for he had one constant companion, and a remarkable one it was—a rooster. The rooster would follow the farmer wherever he went, and they would talk.

"Rooster," the farmer said, "wouldn't it be nice if I were rich?"

The rooster laughed. "How could you get rich on such a poor farm?" he replied.

The young farmer shrugged his shoulders. He was happy enough. There was a bit of food in his cupboard, and a coin or two in his pocket. And besides, didn't he have a most remarkable rooster for company?

Then, one evening, when the farmer opened the cupboard to find something for dinner, there was nothing there. And when he emptied his pockets to find a coin to buy more food, he found nothing

but lint. So the farmer went without dinner. And breakfast. And dinner again. His stomach growled—louder than the rooster could crow. And that gave him an idea.

Early the next morning he filled a big pot with water and put it on the fire. Then he called the rooster. The rooster came in the door, thinking that at last his master had found some food. Then he saw the pot on the fire, and noticed the way the farmer was looking at him.

"Uh-oh," thought the rooster, backing away toward the door. "I do believe he is planning to put *me* in that pot!" And the remarkable rooster, who was certainly no dummy, gave a flap of his wings, scampered out the door, and ran away from the poor farmhouse as fast as his legs could carry him.

But not fast enough. The farmer, who, after all, had much longer legs, easily caught him,



and carried him back to the pot.

"Master! Spare me!" cried the rooster. "Spare me, and I'll...I'll..."

Closer to the pot he went.

"I'll make you rich!" shrieked the rooster at the top of his voice.

The farmer looked at the rooster curiously, and remembered that he was, indeed, a remarkable rooster. So he put him back down on the ground.

"Whew!" thought the rooster. "Thank goodness! I'm still all in one piece."

"Rooster," said the farmer, "I'll give you until nightfall to make me rich, but only until nightfall—for as you know, I'm *very* hungry."

The rooster gulped. "I'll do it," he said. But he had no idea how he could make the farmer rich. Nevertheless, he left the farmhouse and started down the road into the forest.

"Oh, dear!" thought the rooster

as he walked along. "How am I going to make the farmer rich by nightfall? Oh, dear!" So pre-occupied was he with his problem that he didn't watch where he was going, and SMACK! he ran into something.

"OWWW!" he crowed. Then he looked at what he'd run into. It was a little tower! Not a proper castle-sized tower, at any rate, but certainly large enough to block his path.

"Oh, my!" exclaimed the rooster. "What's this?" Then he saw the sign on the tower door: "Gone Fishin' (signed) The Robbers."

"Robbers?" thought the rooster. "I wonder what's inside their tower." He hopped onto a branch of the tower, opened up the roof, and peered in.

The tower was full of jewels! Rubies! Diamonds! Emeralds! Gold! Jewelry of every kind! Just then the rooster heard a noise. Someone was coming!

Down the path from the stream came several little robbers, each carrying a fishing pole. Not wanting to be discovered, the rooster grabbed a ring, gave a big flap, and rushed away.

Just before nightfall, the rooster arrived back at the farm. He tiptoed in the door, and saw the poor farmer sitting at the bare table with his head in his hands. "I'm back," called the rooster.

"Well?" asked the farmer, raising his head. "Am I rich? Or are you to be my dinner?"

"You're rich!" crowed the rooster happily. "Look what I found! If you take this ring into town and sell it, you can buy all the food you want!"

Delighted, the farmer grabbed the rooster by the wings and danced him around in a circle. "Oh, rooster," he cried. "I'm so glad I won't have to eat you! Truly you *are* a remarkable rooster!"

Early the next morning, the farmer rose, dressed, and hurried off to town. Soon he reached the marketplace, with its colorful



stalls full of delicious foods. "Soon," he thought, his mouth watering, "I'll be able to buy all the luscious food I want." And he held up the ring.

"Ring for sale! Ring for sale!" He waved the ring in the air, and it sparkled in the sunlight.

"Where did you get that ring?" came a stern query.

The farmer turned around and found himself facing a troop of the king's soldiers.

"That ring belongs to the king!" one soldier said.

"It was stolen along with the rest of the royal jewels!" said another.

"You must be the thief!" cried a third, grabbing hold of the farmer's arm.

"I'm not! I'm not!" protested the farmer, trying to shake off the soldier's grip. "My rooster brought me this ring!"

"Your rooster?" scoffed the first soldier. "You're crazy!"

"Crazy," said another, nodding

his head.

"Quite mad," said a third, laughing, and he turned to the farmer. "Give me the ring, and I'll let you go, you poor crazy fellow."

The farmer gave the soldiers the ring—what else could he do? As he turned to start back to his farm, his stomach growled, and he smacked his hungry lips. His shoulders slumped in disappointment.

"Follow him!" whispered the first soldier. "Crazy or not, he did have the king's ring. And where it was, the rest of the treasure will be."

The farmer didn't notice the king's soldiers following him. He didn't even see the road. At first he was too miserable, but the longer he thought, the angrier he got.

"That rooster!" he raged. "It's *his* fault those soldiers think I'm crazy. How embarrassing!"

"And I'm *still* hungry!"

By the time he reached his farm, he was in a roaring rage. The roost-

er lay in the doorway, snoozing in the sun and dreaming about the good things to eat that the farmer would bring. Suddenly he heard footsteps. A shadow fell over the sunny doorway. The rooster looked up and saw the farmer. But instead of carrying food, the farmer was carrying a big stick!

"AWK!" cried the rooster. "What's the matter?"

"You're the matter!" yelled the farmer. "You didn't make me rich, you made me a laughingstock!" And he grabbed for the rooster.

The rooster wasted no time—he ran. Around the barn he sped, through the field, under the fence. The farmer pursued him, ragged coattails flying, shouting threats.

And the king's soldiers followed the farmer.

As the rooster ran away from the farm, along the road, he



thought desperately, "If only I can reach the forest, perhaps I can hide."

Still the farmer pursued him, shouting threats.

And the king's soldiers ran after the farmer.

The rooster ran deeper into the forest, until he came to the robbers' tower. He scrambled to the tower roof, and crowed as loud as he could, "HELP!"

The rooster's cry awakened the sleeping robbers, who leaped from their blankets and ran out of the tower door, past the farmer—right into the arms of the king's soldiers!

"The farmer wasn't crazy!" said another.

"Surely the king will want to thank him," said a third, and he turned to the poor farmer. "Come along with us to the castle and claim your reward."

So the farmer and his rooster went back to the castle with the soldiers. After turning the robbers over to the village constable, the soldiers brought the farmer to the throne room.

"Your majesty," a soldier announced. "This farmer has helped us recover your royal treasure."

"Marvelous!" exclaimed the

in his new suit of clothes, he turned out to be quite a handsome looking fellow. And the king's only daughter fell instantly in love with him. Even the rooster was impressed.

"Father!" she cried. "This is the husband for me!"

The poor farmer wasn't about to object, for the princess wasn't bad looking, herself, and to tell the truth, he had fallen in love with her, too.

And the king was pleased, because he was beginning to think his daughter would be an old maid, since she had refused all the



The farmer stopped in front of the tower and glared up at his rooster. "What is this place?" he growled.

"This is where I found the ring, master," cried the rooster, shaking with fright. "The robbers have hidden their loot inside."

The farmer peered in the door. So did the king's soldiers.

"The royal jewels!" said the first soldier.

king. "I shall reward you with a suit of the finest clothes, made by my own tailor," he said, noticing that the poor farmer could surely use some new clothes.

"I'd rather have something to eat," mumbled the farmer.

The king ordered a lackey to bring the farmer a flagon of water after his dusty journey, and then sent the farmer off to get cleaned up for his new clothes.

When the farmer had been washed and combed, and dressed

princes who had asked for her hand in marriage.

"We shall celebrate your wedding with a great feast!" the king announced. And he looked pointedly at the rooster.

"Oops!" thought the rooster. "This is where I came in—and where I'd better get out!"

With a last loud crow, the remarkable rooster flew off to the royal chicken yard, where he had no trouble at all hiding from the royal cooks.

GOOFY MOUNTAIN CLIMBING

*And the stuff
you need to climb
a mountain.*



Use cheap rope, so if it
breaks you're not out
so much money.

Knap sack
for taking
afternoon knaps.

100-pound block
of ice for making
cold drinks. Don't
forget ice pick.

When you reach the
summit, yodel!! (Get book.)
All good mountain
climbers yodel.



1. Be sure to bring a litter. Not the kind you throw, but the kind they can lay your body on to lower you down the side of the mountain.



4. If you should happen to fall into a 4,000-foot ice crevice...don't panic! Do not yell for help—that could cause an avalanche. Remain calm! Just wait until a bus comes along and then ask the driver to help you.



5. At great altitudes special equipment is needed to counteract the effects of severe cold and lack of oxygen. You will know you are at the end of your rope when it freezes.



2.

When climbing a mountain, members of the team tie themselves together. There is a reason for this! The reason is that if one guy falls, they all fall. This keeps the team together!



3.

Sleeping in a hammock on the side of a mountain can be a fun experience. Just don't walk in your sleep! That's where the fun ends and the experience begins!



6.

Another great thrill is knowing that you are the first person ever to ascend the summit.

Tips on Mountain Climbing

1. If anyone should ask you why you climb a mountain, come back with a snappy answer like, "Because it's there!"
2. Wear warm clothes. The higher you climb, the colder it will get, and when the sun goes down it will get even darker.
3. While attending a social gathering, wear hiking boots with your tuxedo and say things like "Mount Everest," "Edmund Hilary," and "Rope." People will be impressed.
4. If you meet the Abominable Snowman, *don't* address him by his first name.
5. Last, and most important—don't look down!

How to Draw *MICKEY*



PLACE EARS FAIRLY FAR
BACK ON HEAD



START HEAD WITH CIRCLE ADD CENTER
LINE TO ESTABLISH PERSPECTIVE.

Mickey is fun to draw, and easy, too, because he is drawn almost entirely with circles. Let's start with a circle for the head. Draw two fat ovals for the ears. Place them on the head-circle like the diagram shows. Now draw another circle or oval for the snout and still another, but smaller, egg-shaped circle for the nose.

The snout is placed at the lower part of the head-circle. The eyes are drawn in above the snout, and the pupils inside the eye-circles.

For the mouth, continue a line from the underneath side of the snout into the head-circle. Then shape the mouth for a smile or any other expression you may want.

Mickey is three head-circles high. His legs and arms are attached to the body just as is shown in the diagram. Now, you try it.

EARS ARE SET
WELL BACK ON
HEAD

EARS ARE
NOT CIRCLES

EAR SMALLER
ON FAR SIDE

PLACE EARS ON
EITHER SIDE OF
LINE DRAWN FROM
BOTTOM OF NOSE
THRU CENTER OF
MICKEY'S HEAD

IN A $\frac{3}{4}$ FRONT VIEW
MOST OF MICKEY'S
HEAD IS THE
LIGHT AREA

ARMS SLIDE
OFF THE
SHOULDERS

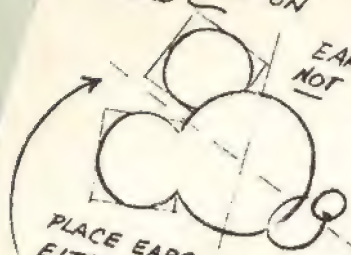
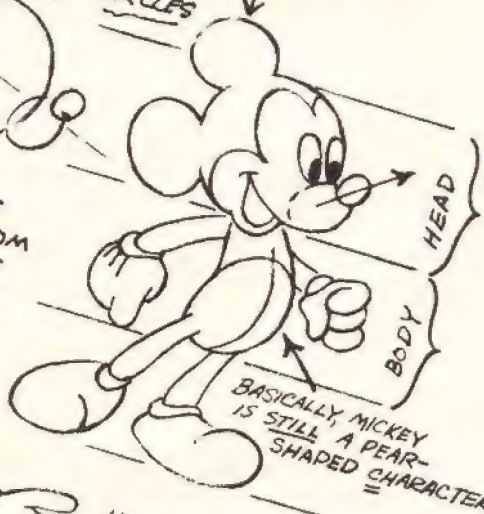
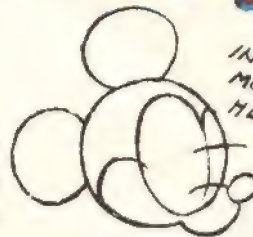
LEGS PINNED
AT HIPS

HANDS FAIRLY
LARGE + FULL

BASICALLY, MICKEY
IS STILL A PEAR-
SHAPE CHARACTER

ARMS TAPER TO TOP OF
SHOULDERS

LEGS
TAPER
TO HIPS





SARAH SIDDONS

QUEEN of the FOOTLIGHTS

Seven-year-old Sarah felt her face grow hot. Tears welled up behind her soft brown lashes. "No children! No children!" came a rude shout. "Take her off the stage and back to mama!" someone else called.

Sarah turned and fled. She was discovering that English rural theaters in 1762 had more than their share of louts and boors in the audience.

Her mother stopped her before she reached the safety of the wings, took her hand, and led her back to the flickering candle flame of the footlights. The audience grew still for a moment.

"Sarah," said her mother, her eyes flashing angrily. "Can you recite 'The Fable of the Boys and the Frogs' for these *good* people?"

"Oh, yes, mother," Sarah replied.

"Oh, yes, mother," echoed a voice from the back of the hall, and the audience exploded with laughter.

"Be quiet a minute and let the little waif get on with it," another voice urged.

Sarah's mother smiled, squeezed her hand, then bent down and whispered in her ear, "Don't give up. *Be* a queen!" Then she left Sarah alone to face the noisy crowd.

"On the edge of a great inland sea," she began in a high, clear voice, "lived a number of gentle, patient frogs..."

"Ba-rroom! Ba-rroom!" a heckler boomed like a bullfrog. But the mood of the audience was



changing.

"Hush, hush! Listen to her!"

"...a group of boys were casting stones into the water. The poor, terrified frogs huddled beneath the lily pads." Sarah dropped to the stage and covered her head with her hands, as her mother had taught her. Then she rose majestically, as though she had a crown nestled in her brown tresses.

"At length," she proclaimed, in a regal voice that was entirely changed, "the dignified queen of the frogs climbed onto a pad and looked at the boys in silence."

Sarah was still for a few seconds, gazing haughtily at the audience. She continued, "'Ah, dear children,' said the frog. 'Why will you learn so soon to be cruel? Consider, I beseech you, that though this may seem *sport* to you, it is *death* to us!'"

Sarah narrowed her eyes, put one hand on her waist, and pointed a finger at the audience. "Moral:

"A noble mind disdains to gain

Its pleasure from another's pain!"

The spectators broke into cheers and applause. Young Sarah Kemble had won their hearts.

Sarah was born into an acting family. Her mother and father were members of a group of players who moved from town to town, setting up their show in one place for a week at a time.

When they entered a new town to perform, it was customary for the players to parade down the main street. Sarah led the procession, with a big drum strapped to her back. The actors and actresses were dressed in fancy feathers and fine frocks, and they bowed gracefully to the townspeople as they pranced by.

Then, after Sarah's afternoon nap and a quick supper with the children of the troupe, the evening's show began. It had something for everybody: a solemn tragedy that would make both men and women shed a tear, and a clown with singers and dancers to

make them laugh. Quite often Sarah would speak a poem or fable.

Sarah had a lively imagination. Not only did she love to read Aesop's fables, but she also wrote stories in her diaries about one of her favorite characters, whom she had met one day when her family stopped at an inn. An entertainer staying there had happened to bring with him an animal that Sarah had never seen. She stared at it in amazement.

"What is it?" she whispered.

"A fox, my dear," answered the innkeeper, "and you must call him Reynard."

Sarah had run upstairs and changed into her best dress. Then she returned and curtsied deeply in front of the fox's kennel, saying, "I pray thee, Mr. Reynard, to play no tricks on me or my troupe of players whilst we remain in this town, and we shall forevermore remain thy faithful friends!"

Her parents had laughed, but they were secretly worried about Sarah's natural liveliness. She seemed to be a born actress, and they knew that the life of a player was a hard one, indeed. Certainly, they reasoned, she should prepare herself for a future that offered greater security.

Sarah needed a young lady's education, her parents often said, but it wasn't until she was 12 years old that they were able to enroll her in an exclusive private academy for girls.

Sarah was frightened that first day at school, away from her family and friends. She kept to her room, too shy to meet the other girls. Instead, she was reading Milton's *Paradise Lost* for perhaps the 20th time.

Suddenly there was a tapping at the door. A tall girl with blond ringlets stood there. Down the hall Sarah could hear the giggles and whispers of the other girls.

The corners of the blond girl's lips turned up in a half-smile, but Sarah noticed that her eyes were

cool and watchful. She felt a thrill of pleasure, though, when the girl, Anne, said she had been sent to welcome Sarah to the school.

"The girls were wondering what your father is," said Anne.

"What he is?" Sarah responded, not understanding at first. "Oh, I see..." Then she answered proudly, "My father is Roger Kemble, the manager of a troupe of traveling players, and my mother is an actress."

Anne's face turned crimson. "Oh, my," the girl said, flustered. "My parents would...thank you, and if you'll excuse me..."

This was the first indication Sarah had that the theater was not considered quite a respectable profession in the 1700's. She closed the door and turned away, tears filling her eyes.

Then she squared her shoulders, turned back, and tore open the door. She swept past the astonished Anne and the several girls clustered around her and clattered down the stairs to Mrs. Harries. She wanted to return at once to her family, Sarah informed her—the girls despised her because she did not come from a rich and respected family.

But Mrs. Harries wouldn't listen. "People can be cruel," she said. "Don't give up. You must get used to such pettiness and rise above it."

"That's little enough help!" Sarah thought. But she stomped back to her room, making up her mind to stick with it and learn as much as she could from her experiences.

Mrs. Harries, however, had a plan. She called the girls together a few days later and announced, "The academy is going to present a play! You young ladies will play the parts, help make the costumes, and arrange the sets and scenery."

Sarah felt a bustle of excitement go through the room, and a few of the girls looked in her direction. But then Mrs. Harries said something that made her cringe.

"We are fortunate in having among us a young lady who, I am told, is a fine actress. Miss Sarah Kemble will play the lead role in our play!"

"Oh, no!" thought Sarah. "Exactly wrong! They shall think I am conceited and the teacher's favorite!" She raised her hand to decline the honor, but Mrs. Harries was rushing on to assign all the other parts.

Sarah was right. The other girls resented a newcomer's being awarded the best role in the play. But she ignored their coolness and sarcasm as best she could.

One day, everything changed. The academy's sewing-mistress was trying to prepare the costumes, but the poor woman was in despair. She could not fashion the stiff train, called a "sackback," which the play called for—she had no crinoline.

"I look like an orange-peddler, not a princess," wailed Anne.

"I can fix it," Sarah said.

Twenty pairs of eyes turned to her. The sewing-mistress was one of the best in the kingdom, but this newcomer—what did *she* know about sewing?

Sarah had often helped her parents with repairs to their costumes. She quickly showed the girls how to cut and shape blue grocer's paper so the sackback trains swept to the floor just as they did in the most stylish salons of London.

This was a kind of accomplishment the girls could appreciate! They crowded around Sarah, demanding attention to their costumes, too. From that day on, she was the pet of the school and the leading lady in all the plays.

Two years later, Sarah left the academy and returned to the life of the theater, which she never left again. She married a handsome actor named William Siddons, and, despite the rigors of raising a large family, she never gave up her goal of becoming a great actress.

She succeeded. After years of study and work in provincial theaters, perfecting her craft, she was finally called to the famed Drury Lane Theater in London in 1782, when she was 27 years old.

Mrs. Sarah Siddons was an immediate and resounding success, becoming the undisputed first

lady of the English stage. For 30 years the applause rarely ceased: she had won the hearts of her audiences. Beloved by king and commoner alike, she was indeed a queen of the footlights.





The Misunderstood Turkey

PITY THE POOR TURKEY! AS IF BEING DESTINED FOR THE THANKSGIVING TABLE WEREN'T ENOUGH, CONSIDER THIS: French Canadians have a saying which translates as "stupid as a turkey." And, nowadays, if you want to compliment someone, "turkey" certainly isn't the first word that comes to mind. Perhaps "stupid" could be applied to the domestic turkey, but his cousin the wild turkey deserves better. No less an authority than Benjamin Franklin had nothing but praise for the turkey. "He is," wrote Franklin in a January, 1784, letter, "a bird of courage, a much more respectable bird (than the bald eagle), and withal a true original native of America."

Franklin was referring to his preference for the turkey as a national symbol. He dismissed the bald eagle as "a bird of bad moral character." Modern naturalists agree with Franklin where the wild turkey is concerned: he is considered the noblest and most intelligent game bird in North America. He is also the only United States representative of the glamorous pheasant family.

The turkey is closely associated with the development of our country. Because of his presence on the first Thanksgiving table, he has become the symbol of the freedom the Pilgrims found in a new land, and of the Thanksgiving holiday we observe each year to commemorate that freedom.

He also played an important part in the settlement of the West. Turkey drives, "turkey trailing," in fact, were in style even before our famed cattle drives. One of the pioneers, Henry Hooker, founded his cattle empire and Sierra Bonita Ranch in Arizona on the sale of a large flock of turkeys that he had driven over the Sierras to Carson City, Nevada, where hungry miners paid \$5.00 apiece for the birds.

Our wild turkey, which roams the wooded areas of all states but Alaska and Hawaii, is a magnificent bird. He is heavy-bodied, but streamlined, with a wingspan of 50 to 56 inches. His plumage is a brilliant copper-bronze, edged in black (domestic turkeys' feathers are edged in white), and his head, bare of feathers, carries hues of red, blue, white, or pale gray, depending on his mood.

Although a turkey prefers to elude a pursuer on foot, he will take to air or water if necessary, and is both an accomplished swimmer and flier. A turkey's airspeed is about 55 miles per hour, and even on the ground, a turkey has been known to keep well ahead of a galloping horse. Even so, it's not often a hunter is able to find a wild turkey, for his sight and hearing are both keen, making it virtually impossible to sneak up on him.

Turkeys are a gregarious lot, and travel in flocks, except in mating season. Young turkeys, or "poults," are ready to leave the nest and travel with the flock a few hours after hatching. A poult's worst enemy is not predators, as you might expect, but rain, for during the first two weeks of his life he is covered only with down, and cannot survive a thorough soaking.

Altogether, we can agree with Franklin that the wild turkey could have made an ideal national symbol: he is brave, beautiful, intelligent, and a real native American.



UNCLE SCROOGE

CIRCUS CLOWN

Uncle Scrooge was humming as he went about his business of counting the money in money bin number 68.

"Be a clown, be a clown, be a clown," hummed Scrooge, and then with a sudden start he realized he'd lost count.

"Wak!" he exclaimed. "This will never do! I'm not concentrating! I've got to get that song out of my head!"

Back he went to his counting. "One zillion and one, one zillion two, one zillion three...be a clown, be a clown, be a clown."

"Oh, drat!" Scrooge slapped his forehead in exasperation. "Why do I keep humming that song?" He brushed the money dust from his coat and left the money bin to return to his office quite puzzled. Before he could sit down at his desk to think, the door opened and in

came Donald with Huey, Dewey and Louie.

"Just dropped in for a visit," greeted Donald cheerily. "We've got nothing else to do."

"That figures," grouched Scrooge, "but I'm glad to see you anyway. I need somebody to talk to."

"Is something bothering you, Uncle Scrooge?" asked Huey.

"Yes," replied Scrooge, pacing the floor in front of his desk. "A





song keeps running through my head, and it is interfering with counting my money."

"What's the tune?" asked Donald.

Uncle Scrooge grinned sheepishly. "It's 'Be a clown, be a clown, be a clown,'" he hummed in his quaky off-key voice.

"Well, the answer is simple," exclaimed Donald. "I'll bet you've always secretly wanted to be a

clown, so why not be one?"

"Right!" laughed Dewey. "If you were a clown, we could all come to the circus every day to see you and laugh our heads off."

"Impossible!" Scrooge exploded. "I've got business to attend to. I have no time to be a clown."

"Sure you have," replied Donald. "You don't have to give up everything to be a clown. The circus is coming to Duckburg for a week. Go see the circus manager and tell him you want to be a guest clown."

"A guest clown?" queried Scrooge.

"Sure!" said Donald. "That's the way to get this song out of your head so you can concentrate on counting your money."

"That's a great idea!" exclaimed Uncle Scrooge. "I can hardly believe you thought of it, Donald," he grinned.

When the circus finally arrived in Duckburg, Scrooge called at the circus manager's tent bright and early. There he met a very grumpy manager, indeed. The circus had been meeting with poor attendance as it toured the country. The cost of feeding the animals was increasing, and the manager was worried.

"I can't afford one more clown!" he snapped.

"But you don't have to pay me," protested Scrooge. "I'm the richest duck in the world."

"If you're so rich," retorted the manager, "why don't you buy the circus and hire yourself as a clown?" His face broke out of its frown into a big grin. "Hahaha!" he laughed. "That's a good one! Buy the circus and hire yourself as a clown! Hahaha!"

Scrooge scowled. "I'll do just that," he declared. "Inform the owner that my lawyer will be in touch with him this morning. I'm buying this circus!"

In a few hours Scrooge and his lawyer met with the circus owner, and before all the tents and side shows had been readied for the next day's opening show, Scrooge McDuck was the new owner. "At last," he sighed, "I shall be a clown."

Early the following morning Scrooge arrived at the clowns' tent where each funny man puts on his clown make-up and crazy costumes.

"Gentlemen," announced Scrooge, "I'm a new clown and I need some help with my make-up and costume."

"Well, ain't he the cute one?" smirked one clown with a big mop of red hair. "He wants *us* to make *him* look funny!"

"You look funny enough just the way you are," giggled a fat clown who was painting his lips white. All the clowns laughed loudly as Scrooge stood by helplessly, not knowing what to do. At that mo-



ment the circus manager entered.

"Men," he began, "I want you to meet the new owner of this circus, Mr. Scrooge McDuck. He wants to be a clown, so please help him with his make-up and fix him up with a funny costume."

Immediately all the clowns sprang to Scrooge's aid. "How come you want to be a clown if you own the circus?" squeaked one little funny fellow.

"I think he'd be funny with a striped beak and big feet with huge toes," suggested another.

In no time at all the clowns had painted Scrooge's beak with purple and yellow stripes, fitted him with huge feet with big toes, a polka dot suit, wide bow tie, a blue straw hat and a crooked cane with a huge fake diamond head.

"Thank you," said Scrooge looking at himself in the make-up mirror. "What do I do now?"

"Well, when the show opens this afternoon," explained a short little clown with a very tall silk hat, "you just get in the circus parade and make everybody laugh."

"Be a clown, be a clown, be a clown," hummed Scrooge. "At last my secret wish is coming true!"

Early in the afternoon before show time the people of Duckburg started to arrive. Naturally, Uncle Scrooge had tickets sent to Donald and the nephews, so they sat eating their popcorn and peanuts and waiting for the show to begin.

"What if we don't recognize Uncle Scrooge?" worried Louie.

"Oh, you'll know which one he is," Donald assured him. "He'd stand on his head to make us all laugh."

Suddenly the circus band struck up its stirring marching music for the circus parade, and a voice from the loudspeakers shouted,

"LADIE-E-ES AND GENTLEMEN, HERE COME THE CLOWNS!"

And as the trumpets and trombones blared, and the drums rolled, the clowns came running and tumbling in front of the whole circus parade. Sure enough, there, waddling along behind the other clowns, came Uncle Scrooge, very nervous in his costume, but bravely trying to look funny.

"I see him!" shouted Huey excitedly. "That's him with the striped beak and the big funny feet!"

"Yay! Uncle Scrooge!" yelled Dewey. "Do something funny!"

"Why isn't Uncle Scrooge being funny?" asked Louie disappointedly.

Donald was uneasy. "Try to laugh a little when he comes by," he urged. "You know how important this is to Uncle Scrooge."

Dutifully the boys giggled and applauded when Scrooge waddled past their seats, but their gaze quickly turned to the rest of the parade.

Later, in the clown tent, Scrooge sat looking at himself in the make-up mirror. "I wasn't funny at all," he moaned. "I'm a broken-hearted clown."

"The trouble is, you can't just *look* funny," explained the fat clown. "You've got to *do* something funny." He paused a moment, thinking. "Like maybe wash an elephant," he giggled. Scrooge's eyes widened. "That's it!" he shouted. "I'll wash an elephant!"

When the circus band blared for the opening parade of the evening show, there was Scrooge in his clown costume standing on the back of the lead elephant with mop and pail. "This will get a lot of laughs," he assured himself, as he began mopping the huge pachyderm.

Unfortunately the pretty girl model riding on the elephant's head didn't think Scrooge was funny at all. "What are you doing on my elephant, you clown?" she shrieked, waving her arms. "Get off! Get off!"





Dumbfounded, Scrooge backed off the elephant. Before he fell to the ground, the second elephant in line caught him with his trunk.

"Whew! Saved!" breathed Scrooge.

"Not saved!" screeched Scrooge as the second elephant tossed him high in the air. Over and over flipped Scrooge until his hands caught a high wire.

"Get off!" yelled the high wire artist riding a unicycle with a girl standing on his shoulders. "You'll make us fall!"

The unicycle rolled over Scrooge's fingers and down he dropped into the net below. As Scrooge bounced up and down in the net, the ringmaster charged towards him shouting angrily, "What do you think you're doing, ruining that high wire act? You're fired! Get out of this circus!"

Scrooge slid down the rope from

the net in a towering rage! "You can't fire me," he squawked. "I own this circus!"

Scrooge kicked off his big false feet, yanked off his wide bow tie and sailed his straw hat into the audience. A roar of laughter came up from the crowd as he stalked off to the clown tent furiously proclaiming, "I'm through! I'M SELLING THIS CIRCUS!"

"That's the funniest clown act I've ever seen," gasped Donald with tears of laughter running down his cheeks.

"I never thought Uncle Scrooge could be so funny," choked Huey.

When the circus manager heard the audience shrieking with delight, he knew the visit to Duckburg was going to be a real success.

"Leave that whole act in," he ordered the ringmaster. "We've got a show stopper there!"

"You'd better tell that duck clown," answered the ringmaster. "I just told him to get out of the circus."

"Oh, no!" gasped the manager. "That old duck clown *owns* this circus!"

When Scrooge learned he had the funniest act in the show, he was happy to forgive the ringmaster and repeat the act for each performance during the rest of the week.

The shrieks of laughter each time the pretty girl ordered him off her elephant, and each time the second elephant tossed him high in the air, were music to his ears. Of course his fingers got a little bit sore from being pinched by the unicycle, but Scrooge was too happy to notice that.






And when the audience roared and clapped as he tore off his bow tie, kicked off his false feet, sailed his straw hat into the crowd and stalked off shouting "I'M SELLING THIS CIRCUS!" Scrooge knew he was a successful clown at last.




















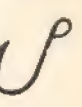


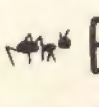







When the week ended and the circus moved on to other towns, Scrooge knew that he'd be a clown once again when it returned the following year.

"Until then," chortled Scrooge, "I'll be counting my money with a clear head and a light heart. After all, one has to work sometime."

Grandma's Story



DID **U** KNOW  THE
1ST  WAS MADE
MORE THAN **4** THOU 
Y  S A  BY ACCIDENT?

AN   MAN CARRIED  MILK IN
A  OF . HE RODE AT A FAST
GALLOP **2** THE NEIGHBO  
W  HE ARRIVED, HE O  ED HIS 
AND FOUND T  THE MILK HAD  ED
IN **2** . THE  TASTED IT, AND IT
WAS GOOD! HE  LD HIS   ABOUT
IT. THEY LIKED IT SO  T  THEY S 
THE MILK  W  EVER THEY W  ED
. LATER A  WAS MADE FROM A
 AND . DID **U** KNOW THAT IT
TAKES **10**  S OF  'S MILK **2**
MAKE **1** POUND OF  ?

Uncle \$crooge's BRAIN TEASER

Scrooge looks perfectly contented as he sleeps in the sun aboard his fishing boat. But something's wrong—in fact, a lot of somethings are wrong. How many errors can you find? 1-2, your eyes must not be open; 3-4, look again; 5-6, that's better; and 7-8, great! (You didn't peek at the answers below, did you?)



ANSWERS: 1. The Pelican has no legs. 2. The anchor is in the boat and the rope in the water. 3. "Scrooge" is misspelled. 4. The paddle end of the oar is in the boat, and the handle in the water. 5. The outboard motor is upside down. 6. The fishing pole is not supported. 7. Fish don't wear glasses. 8. The sun doesn't have a ring around it.

Moby Duck

SEA MAZE

Help Moby find his way to the island paradise...



START

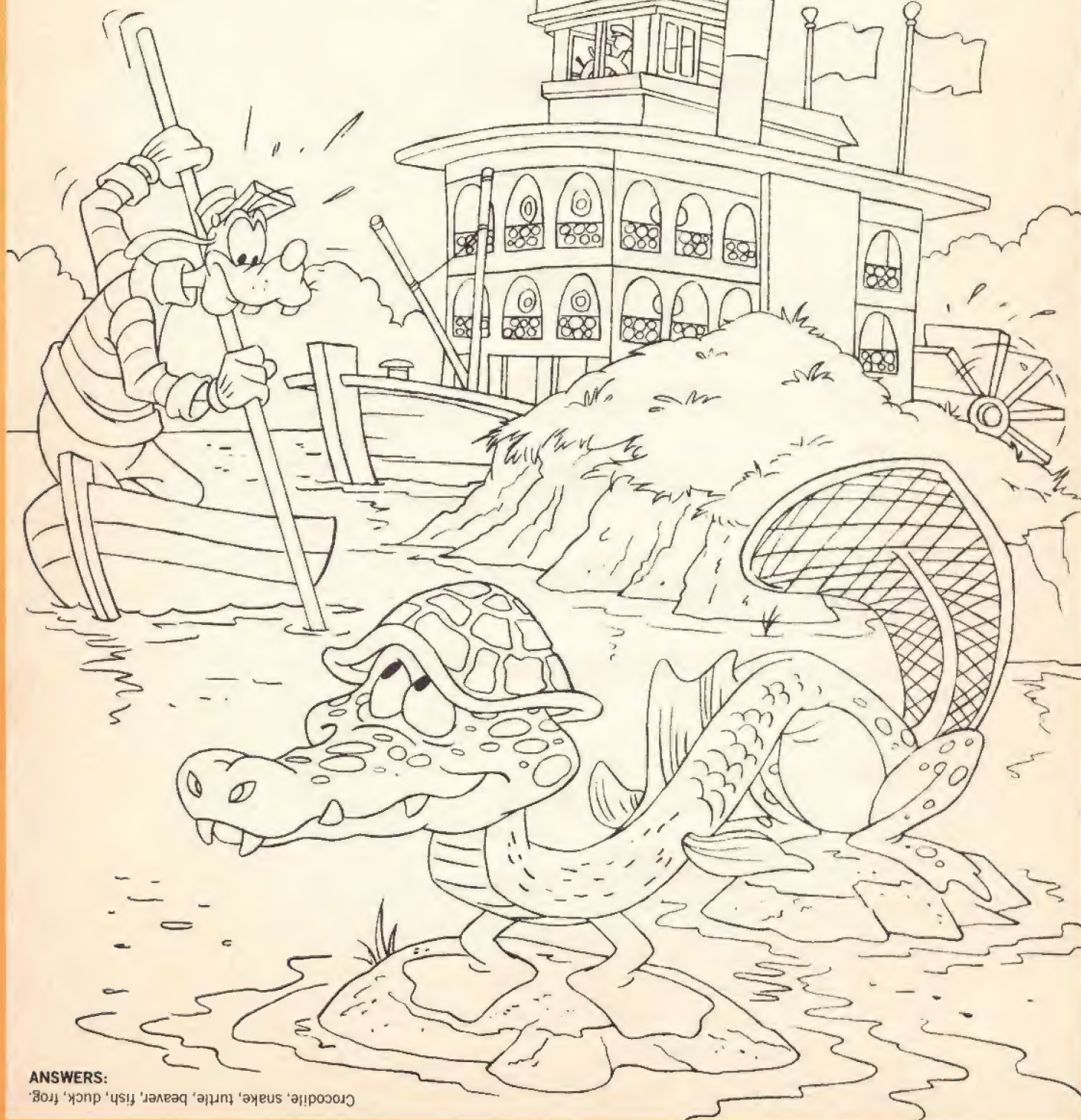
FINISH

Goofy

COLOR THIS PAGE

RIVER CRITTER

Skipper Scrooge told Goofy to check the water just around the bend. But look what Goofy found on his journey! This harmless but comical critter is made up of seven different animals who are often found in and around rivers. Can you help Goofy name them?



ANSWERS:

Crocodile, snake, turtle, beaver, fish, duck, frog.

SCAMP'S

DOGGIE CROSSWORD PUZZLE

The clues are few, but they
should each remind you of
a certain kind of dog!



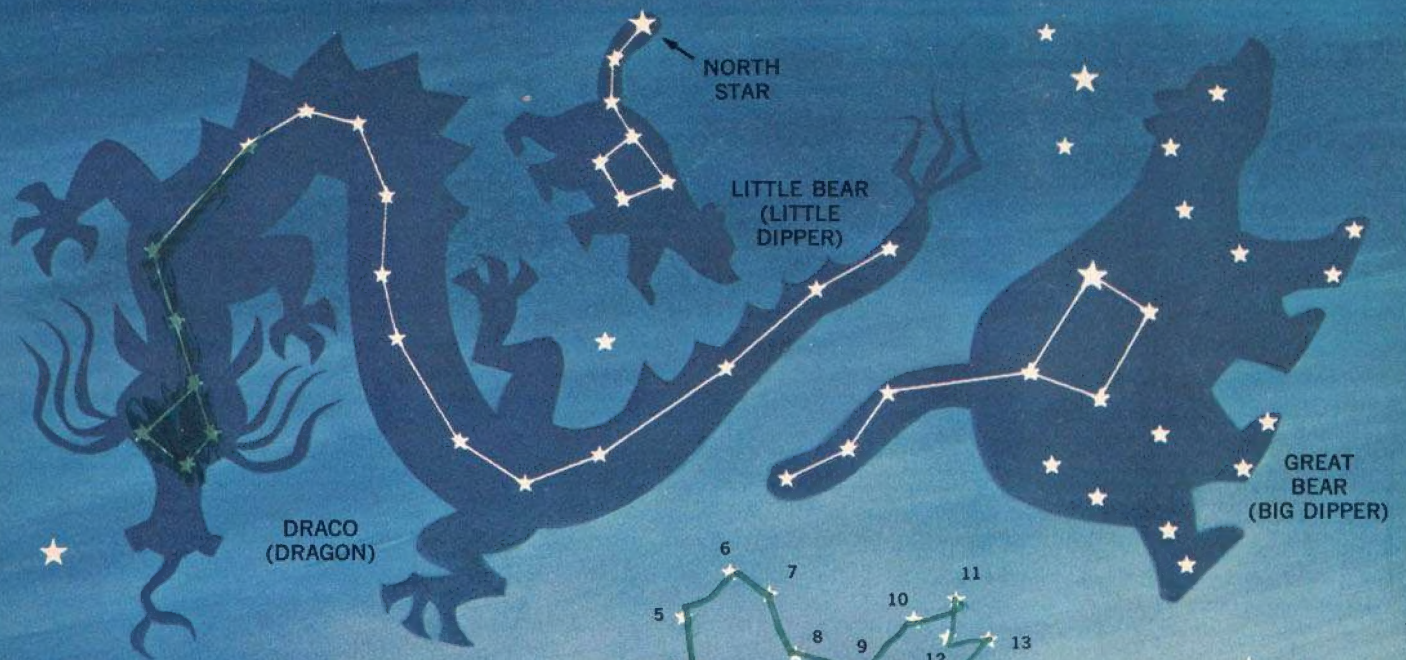
1. Across



Down



ANSWERS: 1. Shepherd 2. Chow 3. Dalmatian 4. Chihuahua 5. Setter 6. Dachshund



DRACO
(DRAGON)

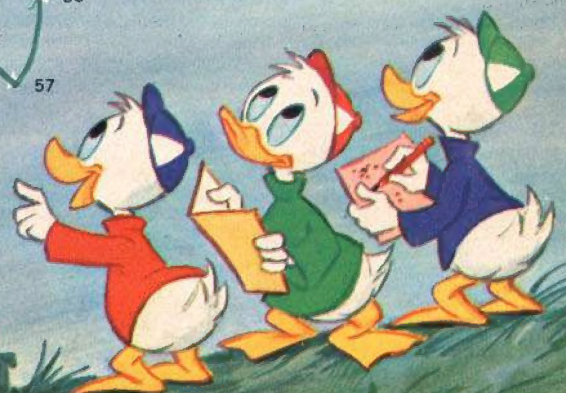
LITTLE BEAR
(LITTLE
DIPPER)

GREAT
BEAR
(BIG DIPPER)



SUPERSTAR

The ancient Greeks and Romans got their kicks dreaming up mythological characters in groups of stars, like the Great Bear and Little Bear (with long tails, yet!). Not to be outdone, the nephews created a constellation of their own. You'll recognize this familiar character if you draw a line from star 1 to star 2 and so forth.

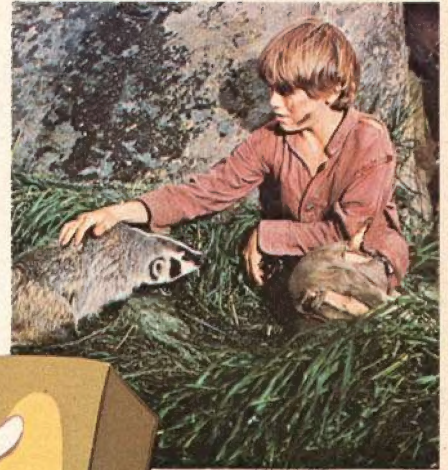


Gateway To



ROCK HUDSON To this day, he can't eat whipped cream without being reminded of a near-tragedy in his Illinois childhood.

THE BOY WHO TALKED TO BADGERS Ben MacDonald's best pal was a badger. Follow this heartwarming story of an unusual friendship.



CLARAPATRA Can Mickey and Goofy get out of this jam? They've interrupted Queen Clara's triumphal entry into Rome, and she's furious!

Next Month



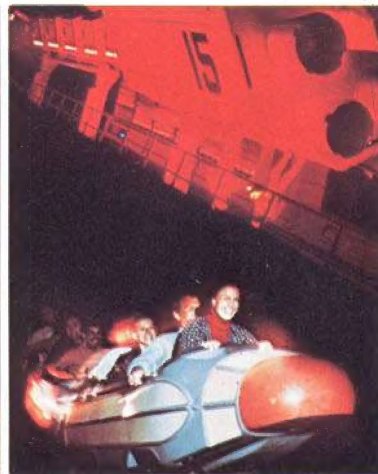
TIGER LILY'S TREASURE

Captain Hook has stolen Princess Tiger Lily's jewels and hidden them. Can Peter get them back?



FLIGHT OF THE GREY WOLF

Join young Russ Hanson as he helps his pet wolf, Grey, learn to survive in the wild.



SPACE MOUNTAIN

Blast off with Goofy and his friends on a thrilling tour of Disney's new Space Mountain adventure.

All of us at Procter & Gamble and Walt Disney Productions are delighted to bring you this issue of Disney Magazine. Next month's issue will be just as exciting, and you can get it **FREE** when you purchase the Giant size bottle of Mr. Clean **OR** four Bath size bars of Camay. See you in January!



ALICE in WONDERLAND'S

TO READ THIS STORY,
JUST HOLD IT UP TO
YOUR MIRROR AT
HOME!

AND
START
HERE!

LOOKING GLASS STORY

